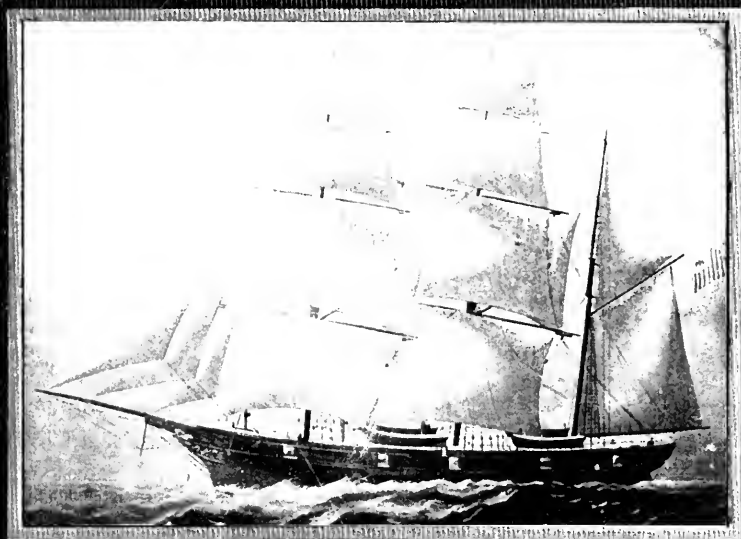


A CRUISE ON THE UNITED STATES



PRACTICE SHIP "S.P. CHASE"

SURGEON-GENERAL WYMAN



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Book 118

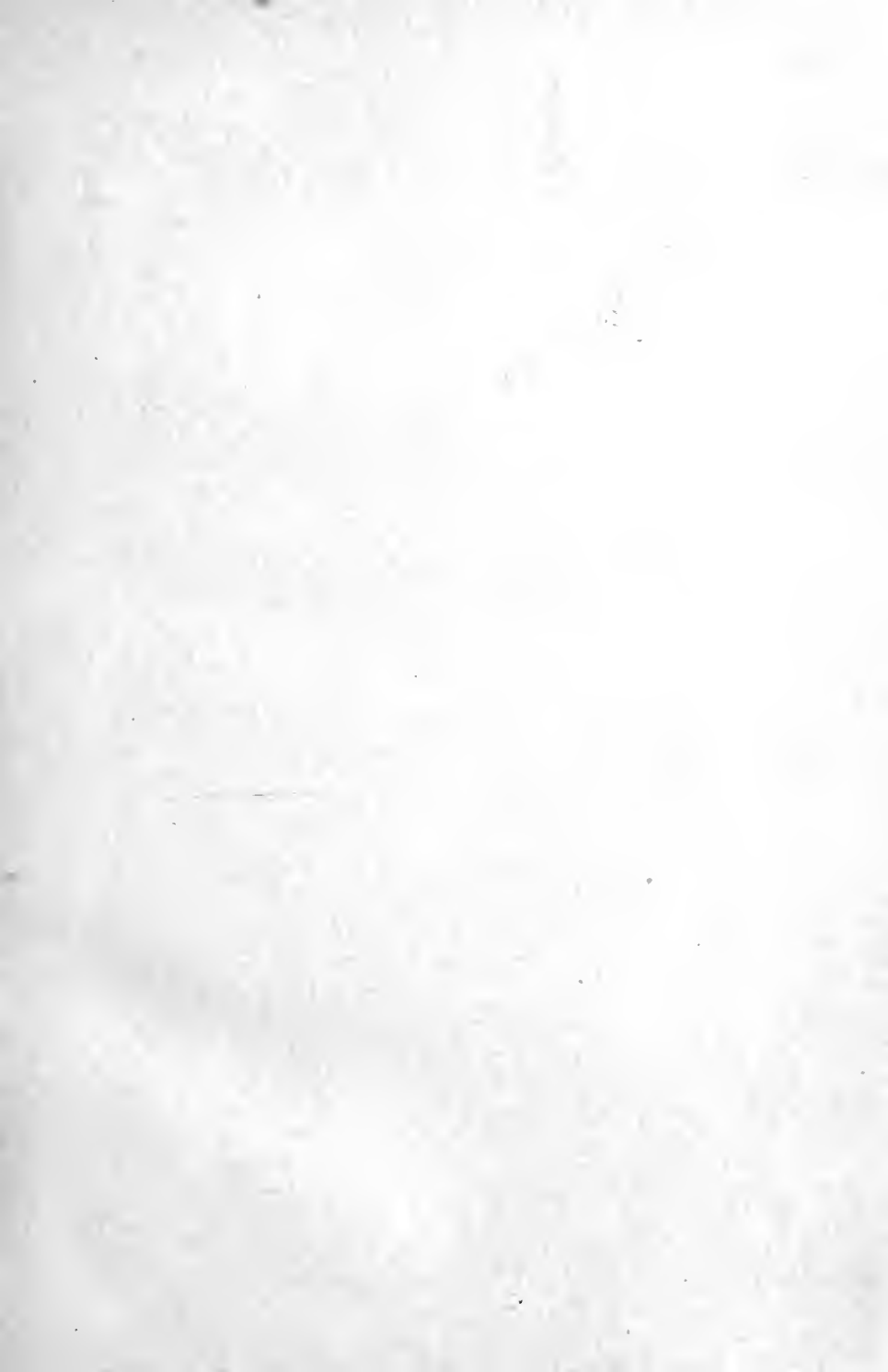
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A CRUISE ON THE
U. S. PRACTICE SHIP
S. P. CHASE





The "S. P. Chase," built 1877.

A CRUISE ON THE U. S. PRACTICE SHIP *S. P. CHASE*

BEING THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A SURGEON
AT SEA, AND EXPERIENCES ON A SAILING
VESSEL OF THE REVENUE CUTTER SERVICE ON
A VOYAGE TO SPAIN AND THE AZORES ISLANDS

By

Walter Wyman, M. D., LL. D.

*Surgeon-General U. S. Public Health and
Marine-Hospital Service*



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PREFACE

WHEN in 1907 the *S. P. Chase* was put out of commission, after thirty years of service, and steam was made to supplant sail in the training of cadets of the Revenue-Cutter Service, the writer recalled his own experiences on this gallant little bark and the running narrative he had prepared and sent to friends on the completion of his voyage.

To preserve something of the vessel's history and in response to requests of many officers to whom in their younger days the *Chase* gave nautical skill and learning, the narrative is published.

The notes and incidents are given with slight exception as they were written during the cruise, being many of them first impres-

PREFACE

sions received by one at the time unfamiliar with things nautical. Possibly they will revive pleasant memories of like experiences in the minds of others or recall familiar features of their home afloat; and some of the facts recorded may prove interesting, and even useful, to those who for the first time "go down to the sea in ships."

WALTER WYMAN.

Washington, D. C.

References:—Sir John Moore, *Life of*, By James Carrick Moore. (London). *Battle of Fayal: Naval War of 1812*, By Theodore Roosevelt; *A History of American Privateers*, By Edgar S. Maclay; and U. S. Senate Report No. 270, 47th Congress, 1st Session.

OUTWARD



TOWARD evening of a bright day in the latter part of May, 1881, a stern-wheel steamboat in the peanut trade, ascending the Tennessee River, was met by a like steamer coming down the river, and as the two vessels passed in midstream the crews gathered at the sides to exchange the customary shouts and gesticulations, saluting each other in unison with the hoarse whistles of the steamboats.

Suddenly the crew of the descending boat were attracted by the specially urgent cries and pointed gestures of the other crew, and, looking at the place indicated, found one of

OUTWARD

their own number, a colored roustabout, swinging over the guard by his neck, and endeavoring in this picturesque fashion to shuffle off this mortal coil. They hauled him in. He was insane, and with great difficulty was held in restraint while the vessel wended its downward course to the Ohio River, and up the Ohio to Cincinnati. Here, with a feeling of relief, they delivered their burden to the marine ward of Sister Anthony's Hospital, and he became my charge. Though in a straitjacket and tied to the bed, constant watching was required to prevent the man doing harm to himself and others. This, and his vociferous prayers, varied by most impolite language and continued night and day, made it necessary to obtain telegraphic authority for his immediate removal to the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington.

For several reasons, among others a desire to visit headquarters, I determined to take him myself, and the railroad authori-

OUTWARD

ties permitted me to fix up a place in one corner of a baggage car, where a mattress was thrown and staples driven in the sides and floor of the car for the attachment of lines and straps to prevent his getting away. The railroad demanded my signature to several papers making me personally liable for any damage that might result to persons or property, involving a possible demand for many thousands of unpossessed dollars; the patient was duly ensconced in his corner of the car, the services of baggagemen were secured by an honorarium, and we pulled out on the regular express. He made it interesting for the two baggagemen, and once or twice I feared I might be saddled with debt for damage to persons under the liability clause of my contract, but we reached Washington without any serious happening.

After delivery of the patient at the Government Asylum, I reported to the Surgeon-General at his office. "I do not know," said he, "who to send this year on the *Chase*,"

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referring to the customary detail of a medical officer of the Marine-Hospital Service for the annual cruise of this training vessel of the Revenue-Cutter Service. "Send me," was the reply, to which he assented; adding that for so long a voyage (to Spain), and on a sailing vessel, involving perhaps some personal risk, he preferred to consult an officer before issuing the order. The official detail followed.

Arrived in New Bedford Sunday, June 12, and after breakfast at the Parker House, walked down to the bay and found without difficulty the Revenue Bark *S. P. Chase*, on which I had been ordered to report. She appeared small, but graceful in outline and proportion as one could wish. On the pier I met a knot of uniformed cadets, and, inquiring whether Captain Henriques was on board, was answered with a cordial "Yes, sir," and polite elevation of the cap, which gave assurance, I thought, of a pleasant association in the future. My



OUTWARD

sensations were a little peculiar, as for the first time I crossed the deck of a vessel in which I was to spend two or three months, every feature of which was entirely new, and whose officers and men, with whom I must soon mingle intimately, were now perfect strangers.

In the hasty glance which I had time to give while being conducted toward the captain's cabin, I could but be impressed with the extreme neatness and precision of arrangement on every hand—the white deck, burnished guns, coils of rope, furled sails, binnacles, and costumes of the men, presenting a sight more thoroughly nautical than any I had ever seen.

Being announced at the companion way, I was invited down and received by the captain. He is a fine-looking man of about fifty years of age, more than six feet in height and broad in proportion, has a blue eye and fair complexion, wears an iron-gray beard neatly trimmed, and was dressed in the uniform of

OUTWARD

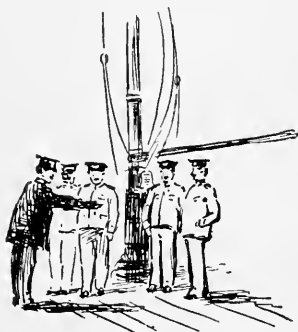
his service. His cabin is elegant in appearance, being finished in dark wood, provided with a handsome new carpet, and the long transoms, which serve at once for storage and as settees, being covered with velvet plush.

Forward of and adjoining the cabin is the "wardroom" or general sitting and dining room of the lieutenants, about ten by twelve feet in size, into which open their staterooms, two on either side. Forward of the wardroom is the cadets' room, called the "steerage"; of similar arrangement, but larger and with six connecting staterooms. To complete now the description of the vessel below deck it is only necessary to mention the berth deck, with its bunks and hammocks for the crew, and furthest forward of all, the kitchen or galley. We have then, beginning at the stern, the cabin, wardroom, steerage, berth deck, and galley, all communicating.

The captain introduced me at once to the

OUTWARD

first, second, and third lieutenants, showed me my stateroom, and made the gratifying announcement that I was expected to mess with him and make his cabin my headquarters. We then went above to witness the regular Sunday inspection, which being over



every one seemed busy in making private preparations for the cruise. It was the last Sunday in port, and the ship being in a short time deserted by all excepting those on duty I found leisure to examine her more closely and to learn the following descriptive facts, which for convenience I will here enter.

OUTWARD

She is named after Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's famous Secretary of the Treasury; was built four years ago for use as a school-ship of the Revenue-Cutter Service; is 114 feet in length, 26½ feet in the beam, draws 11 feet, and is of 154 tons burden. She is rigged as a bark—that is, my fresh-water friends, she differs from a ship only in having fore-and-aft instead of square sails on the mizzen (hindmost) mast. Her deck, slightly sloping from each end toward the center, is well protected by high bulwarks. She is armed with four 24-pound howitzers and carries four boats, named in order of size—launch, cutter, gig and dingey. She has on board for the present cruise 49 men all told—captain, 3 lieutenants, surgeon, 13 cadets, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, master-at-arms, 2 quartermasters, 2 coxswains, 10 able seamen, 4 ordinary seamen, 1 ship's cook, 3 stewards—one each for the cabin, wardroom and steerage—and 5 boys.

Following is the roll of officers and cadets:



SALMON P. CHASE

OUTWARD

John A Henriques, Captain.
J. W. Congdon, First Lieutenant.
John W. Howison, Second Lieutenant.
Worth G. Ross, Third Lieutenant.
Walter Wyman, Surgeon.
H. M. Broadbent, Cadet.
John C. Moore, Cadet.
Geo. A. Starkweather, Cadet.
W. E. W. Hall, Cadet.
Edward F. Kimball, Cadet.
Horace B. West, Cadet.
John C. Cantwell, Cadet.
Augustus Y. Lowe, Cadet.
Chas. D. Kennedy, Cadet.
David H. Jarvis, Cadet.
James L. Sill, Cadet.
John B. Okie, Cadet.
Albert H. Ewing, Cadet.

It was quite in accord with my inclination to find myself left pretty much alone after the inspection, for I was tired with visiting and traveling. The day, however, was beau-

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tiful, and I sauntered out to see the city. In New Bedford I was agreeably surprised. We hear of it in the West as an old seaport, where formerly there was an immense whaling business, now amounting to almost nothing; and my impression of the place embraced a town on the shady side of existence, with decaying wharves and piers, and other evidences of former prosperity, making more conspicuous its present decline. Truly, we who complain of the ignorance of Eastern people with regard to our Western cities, may well rub out a mote or two which prevents us from realizing what there is in the smaller cities of the East.

New Bedford is located on ground sloping gradually to the bay, and giving opportunity for excellent drainage. Coming from smoky Cincinnati and dusty St. Louis, I could not repress an exclamation of surprise as the marked neatness of the city impressed me in every street into which I turned. The houses are of modern architecture and ample



OUTWARD

size, white as though just from the painters' hands, and shaded by beautiful tall elm trees, whose fresh green leaves reach far out on both sides of the broad streets in lines as straight as a trained hedge. The streets themselves are smooth, being paved with small cobblestones in the business portion of



the city, elsewhere with gravel made compact by the steam roller.

New Bedford boasts of being the birthplace of Albert Bierstadt, and is a favorite resort for artists. The city is very wealthy and at one time claimed the distinction of having more wealth to each inhabitant than any city in the United States.

OUTWARD

Later in the day I visited the quaint old village of Fair Haven, across the bay, and at night turned into my bunk early, looked out through the air port almost low enough to admit the water, and fell asleep wondering how many waves would have to break



against that circular piece of glass before the six or seven thousand miles of our voyaging should be changed from "*futurus esse*" to "*fuit.*"

We are to sail Tuesday afternoon, and Monday and until noon of Tuesday I have

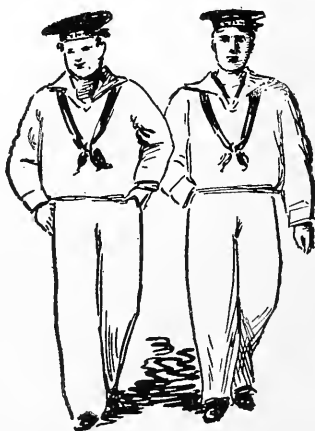
OUTWARD

all I wish to do preparing my medicine locker, packing and making various purchases. These include a "sou'wester," rubber overcoat, and boots for use on deck in stormy weather, a pair of shoes two sizes too large, for they say they shrink and become hard to put on, and enough linen to last until we reach Spain, for no washing is allowed on board. In fact, each man is put upon an allowance of one quart of water a day, part of which must be contributed for the cooking of his mess.

We are not to depart without some ceremony, for two revenue cutters have put into New Bedford for the purpose of escorting us out to sea. Major Clark, Chief of the Bureau, has come on from Washington, and will go with us down the bay, as will also a party of twenty or more young ladies with the usual small proportion of Massachusetts gentlemen. At about three o'clock the captain instructs the third lieutenant to wig-wag the *Gallatin*, that we will be ready in twenty

OUTWARD

minutes, and at the expiration of that time a line is passed and we are towed down the bay by the *Gallatin*, having the *Dexter* on our port and the tug for returning our friends on the starboard side. The quarter-



deck presents a gay appearance crowded with ladies and with officers and cadets in full uniform. The officers have wisely bade their last farewells at home.

I have donned my new uniform for the first time and find it is so new that it gives me away completely. Yet I do my best to



CAPTAIN HENRIQUES



OUTWARD

sustain the maritime dignity of the port of Cincinnati. "Doctor," asks one of the young ladies, "have you ever been to sea?" "No," I reply, "but as a resident on the banks of the stormy Ohio and a member of the Cincinnati Boat Club, I feel that I am not without experience," and the very memory of our boat club meetings at the St. Nicholas braces me for the next attack. "Have you ever seen a whale?" Now, how grateful is the memory of that enterprising citizen who captured, stuffed with ice, and transported on flat cars through the West last winter a small specimen of the Jonah carrier, which saves me an ignominious answer in the negative.

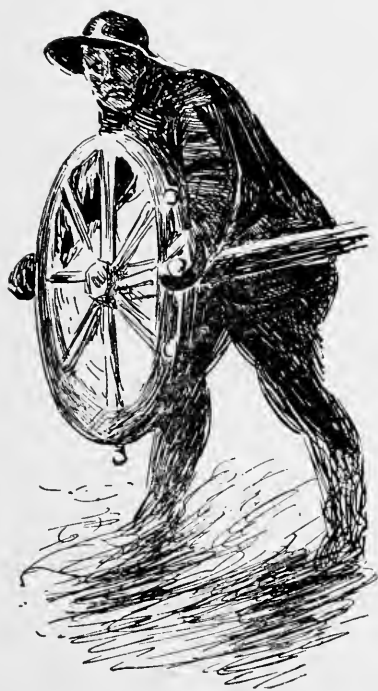
The time comes for our company to return. The tug is signaled alongside, and with the usual good wishes, hand shaking, adieus, and long-continued waving of handkerchiefs and caps, our friends finally are lost to sight.

The weather is misty with occasional rain, and just about dark the *Gallatin* signals to

OUTWARD

haul in our tow line; the *Dexter* sends a boat to take off Major Clark and his little boy, both cutters fire parting salutes as they fade in the fog and darkness, we answer with a Service blue light, and at last we are alone.

Now comes a scene of great activity, as we spread all sail. The first lieutenant mounts the horse block, and fires off in quick succession the following orders, not one in ten of which seems intelligible. They are interrupted only by the shrill whistle of the boatswain, and the "Aye, aye, sir," of the men. It is impossible to convey his pronunciation, but here are the orders: Stations for loosening sail! Lay aloft! Lay out and loose! Man the tops'l sheets and halyards! Stand by! Let fall! Sheet home! Lay in! Lay down from aloft! Tend to braces! Haul taut! Belay there! Hoist away the topsails! Overhaul the rigging aloft! Belay your topsail halyards! Belay your lee main and tops'l braces! Haul taut your weather ones! Set taut your weather lifts! Board your



OUTWARD

fore and main tacks and haul aft your sheets! Sheet home your royals and to'gallants'ls! Hoist away your halyards! Well your royal and to'gallant braces! Trim aft your spanker sheet, trim over your head sheets! (To the man at the wheel:) Mind your helm, keep her full and by!

The effect of these orders was quickly seen as, with all sails set excepting spencers and studding sails, we pushed along on our course at the rate of eight knots an hour. A very heavy fog, however, soon set in and made us shorten sail. The doleful fog horn was sounded every two minutes at the bow; every one looked serious, some uncomfortable, and soon after dark I turned in and slept soundly.

June 15, Wednesday. Rose at four o'clock by invitation of Lieutenant Ross to see the sun rise on the ocean. This is generally considered a fine spectacle, but it cannot compare with the same event on land. I found all the officers on deck—indeed, the

OUTWARD

captain had been up most of the night, feeling his responsibility while in so dense a fog, and still in the line of other vessels. This is my first day at sea, and I note the impressions as they occurred to me. My first thought was of seasickness—would I escape it? I was anxious to do so, rather on account of the professional inconvenience than the suffering, and because of the satisfaction there would be in missing it after all the wise shakings of the head, doleful smiles, and premature condolences of friends. Then, too, I knew there must be a wonder in the minds of some on board that a landlubber from Cincinnati should be sent on this cruise, and I was anxious to demonstrate his ability to adapt himself to circumstances. I rejoiced to find myself steady in the epigastrium, while several of the crew, cadets, and one of the lieutenants were paying tribute to Neptune. I had scarcely any appetite, but managed to eat a little, and on feeling the least uneasiness went on deck, and in the

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fresh air was relieved. It seemed to excite some surprise; the captain called me a brick, and one suffering cadet remarked that he believed the doctors knew some preventive for seasickness which they kept for their own use.

After an inward conviction that I was all right my attention was excited by the serious appearance of everybody on board. I was surprised at this, as I had thought there would be much life and animation—the same feeling of pleasure that I had at the prospect of crossing the ocean and visiting a foreign nation. Not so, however, but just the contrary. A more bilious-appearing company I have never seen. Even the captain had a yellowish hue to his skin, and the saltiest tars aboard seemed to have absorbed all the bile into their faces. I was alarmed lest the yellowness was in my own vision until I found one cadet who retained the freshness of his complexion. It was a sober, serious, lugubrious day, this first day at sea. I had

OUTWARD

13 on the sick list. At dinner the captain rallied a little and tried to be jocose with his cabin boy (Fish), but Fish "would not"—his face remained as stolid as a stone wall.

I felt that I must be the only one glad to be making the cruise. With the seamen it was necessary labor; with the cadets a



training which they would gladly have exchanged for a cruise along the coast with visits to Newport, Long Branch, and Cape May; and with the officers it meant a separation from their families and the most disagreeable portion of their year's duty; while in the minds of all there may have been the consciousness of the possible dangers to be

OUTWARD

met before we should again be moored at the New Bedford pier.

One matter of interest and some surprise was the actual amount of labor involved in sailing a ship. Those living inland may imagine that all there is to be done is to set the sails, hold the wheel, watch the compass, and keep an eye on the weather. On merchant vessels, especially when in the trade winds, this is said to be the case. On the *Chase*, however, I was struck with the systematic division of labor and the necessary amount of detail.

One of the first features to attract notice is the division of time into watches—a division probably as old as the first ship which navigated the ocean. The 24 hours are divided into five watches of four hours each, and two watches each two hours in length, as follows:

First watch—8 P.M. to 12 P.M.

Mid watch—12 P.M. to 4 A.M.

Morning watch—4 A.M. to 8 A.M.

OUTWARD

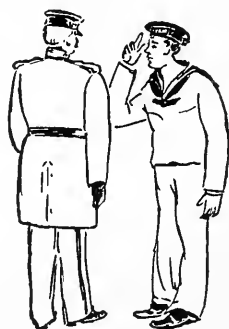
Forenoon watch—8 A.M. to 12 M.

Afternoon watch—12 M. to 4 P.M.

First dog watch—4 P.M. to 6 P.M.

Second dog watch—6 P.M. to 8 P.M.

There is one stroke of the bell for each half hour in every watch. Thus, in the first watch



“one bell” means half-past eight; at “five bells” it is half-past ten; at “eight bells” it is twelve o’clock.

The bearing of the men is another noticeable feature—they are all of them round-shouldered, made so by sleeping in hammocks and by the peculiar character of their work in the rigging. When addressed they

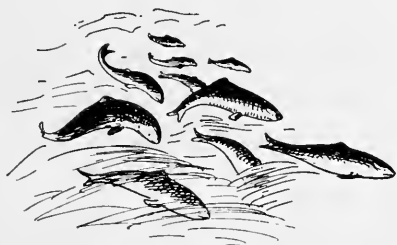


FIRST LIEUTENANT CONGDON

OUTWARD

invariably answer with a "sir," and a touch of the cap.

The day was bright, and with a fair wind and all sails set, excepting spencers, we made our course at about seven knots an hour. As I stood aft at the quarter rail and watched the little vessel plunge her head into the



waves, break through and scatter them into foam, and with a *swish*, careen far to one side and receive the spray over her bulwarks, I realized to some extent my idea of deep-sea sailing. The first objects pointed out to me by the captain were the Mother Carey's Chickens (stormy petrels); presently a school of porpoises came leaping from the water and crossed our bow; then a fin-

OUTWARD

back whale was seen spouting off on the port side. "There she blows!" shouts the lookout. "Where away?" calls another. "Three points off the weather bow," comes the reply. The captain calls attention to the dark color of the water, and says we will find it much bluer in the Gulf, as he calls the Gulf Stream, which we shall reach by night. At nine o'clock the boatswain piped my sick-call and I found I had 14 patients—all but three suffering from seasickness. Retired at half-past ten.

June 16, Thursday. Rose at 7 A.M.; have to, to get breakfast. Shore habits broken already; the captain is well satisfied with our progress. Seasick patients all better excepting a few cadets. Caught up with and passed a bark; captain says we can pass anything. Are now in the Gulf Stream, and notice the difference in the color of the water, and also the warmer temperature. Very sleepy to-day. Presume it is the wind and the salt air.

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June 17, Friday. Very sleepy all day, and do not yet feel accustomed to new surroundings. Toward night we had a heavy rain. I stood the captain's watch with him, from 8 to 12 midnight, in sou'wester and rubber coat. Phosphorescence of the sea is particularly bright and beautiful to-night, but everything and everybody to-day has seemed somber, moist, and disagreeable.

June 18, Saturday. Very stormy and rainy all day, with a high sea. A flying fish is washed aboard and is admired for its beauty, and is served on our table at supper. Toward evening it has stopped raining, and on account of a shift in the wind the waves run very high and for the first time I experience, to some degree, the awe with which I expected to be impressed by the ocean. Standing on the horse block and leaning over the quarter rail it certainly is grand to watch the approaching waves come rolling on, higher than one's head, bearing down ominously on the ship and quickly lifting her—up, up,

OUTWARD

until one must grasp the rail to keep from falling backward, and finds himself suddenly gazing into a deep, newly formed chasm below; or glancing toward the deck, to see the forecastle 'way beneath you, as though at the foot of a hill with yourself on its crest—a good-sized sea rolling over the port or lee side and dashing high above the starboard bulwarks as she recovers.

I shall not soon forget this sight, nor how difficult it was to cross the deck, no part of which was dry, excepting toward the stern. One cadet was thrown from his feet and washed across the deck with great force. If our bulwarks were not so high, there would be great danger of being swept overboard.

But while this was very grand, and on the whole very enjoyable before dark, it made a sorry-looking place of the cabins at tea time and after. The pitching and rolling was so great that it was impossible to stand without holding on to something. Chairs, tables, crockery, books, or anything

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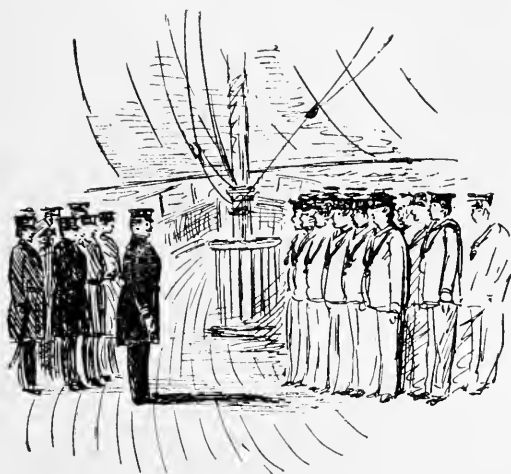
left the least bit carelessly would go spinning around with the greatest velocity. The floors were wet with water which dashed in over the skylights, and any attempt to move from place to place was but a ludicrous series of jerks and slides. It was necessary to brace oneself even when seated, as I found by being suddenly thrown out of my armchair.

As the night advanced, the tossing became worse, and the captain said he had never seen the bark roll so badly. It was a difficult matter to sleep. We were obliged to have our leeboards up, and there was a constant succession of rolls from side to side, too violent for a lullaby, and leaving one's muscles sore the next day. Now and then a lunge would come deeper than the rest, and signalized by a crash and a derisive laugh of a cadet over some misfortune of his neighbor. As I am called to see some of the seasick cadets, I cannot help quoting, "Oh, sailor boy, where now is thy dream of delight!" The first lieutenant savagely wants to know

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who it was that wrote "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," and the captan utters murderous sentiments against the author of "A life on the ocean wave," who he says never saw the ocean, but lived on a farm in Indiana. However, as four bells are struck I hear the lookout sing, "All's well on the lee cathead," and turn in to get what sleep I can.

June 19, Sunday. The weather is calmer to-day, and at nine o'clock we have the weekly muster and inspection. This is one of the prettiest sights the vessel affords. Everything is given an extra polish, and put in thorough order for examination. The men are all dressed in blue flannel shirts and trousers and a sailor's cap of the same material bearing the name "*Chase*" in gilt letters. The cadets and officers are in dress uniforms with white gloves, and form in a line on the weather side of the vessel, the men forming opposite. The first lieutenant reports "All up, sir," and the captain, first lieutenant and surgeon then go forward and begin the in-



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spection of the ship, looking into every cupboard, ice-chest, pantry and stateroom, and if anything is found wrong the offending party is sharply reprimanded. On the return of the inspectors, the second lieutenant calls the names of the men, who respond with a salute and their rate as seamen. The boatswain then pipes the men down, all salute and break ranks.

Finish a book called "Multitudinous Seas," and spend the afternoon in arranging my official records. The weather is alternately clear and cloudy. I begin to realize for the first time that I am on a long cruise. Coruna is 2,700 miles from the States, and we have made not quite 700. This kind of life must continue at least three weeks before we set foot on land, and then be renewed again for five or six weeks more. I begin to realize that it may become monotonous. The constant splashing of the waves, flapping of the sails, creaking of the ship, and never-ceasing motion become wearisome.

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Now and then looking toward the horizon some wave larger than the rest appears for the moment to be a hill, and I get to thinking of terra firma with a feeling that it would be gratifying to tread it. I think of Broadway, Cincinnati and my accustomed haunts—how pleasant would be a stroll in Eden Park or in Mount Auburn. I also think of St. Louis and the pretty spot in the suburbs where I drove two weeks ago and found an impromptu family picnic. I am impressed with the idea that beautiful as the rolling sea may be, Mother Earth has superior advantages. Still, monotony is one of the things I bargained for, and there is nothing to do but bear it with the best grace possible. I spend the evening in the cabin with the captain and Lieutenant Congdon, exchanging information upon rattlesnakes, moccasins, tarantulas, sharks, sting rays, etc., and privately note the effect of a sea-faring life on the ability to tell wondrous tales of adventures on land and sea.



SECOND LIEUTENANT HOWISON

OUTWARD

June 20, Monday. Everybody is speaking of the bad dreams with which they are afflicted. I am no exception, and last night had a regular old-fashioned nightmare—horrible in the extreme—every feature of which I can plainly recall to-day. One reason I suppose is because the bunks are so narrow and the bark pitches so violently that one is obliged to sleep on his back. The cadets and other officers have been likewise afflicted, and there is fine opportunity for foreboding by the superstitious. The day is fair, seasick patients are all well, and I spend most of the time in reading.

June 21, Tuesday. We have been out just one week to-day, and have made about 1,000 miles—very good sailing. We have still near 2,000 more to go. It is a beautiful day, and for the first time there appears an air of joviality on board. After supper, Mr. Howison plays the guitar, some of the cadets sing choruses, while others with the officers pitch grummets—a game resembling

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quoits. The men on the forward deck are full of fun, too, and engage in several novel and rough sports. I kept the captain's watch with him from 8 till midnight. Thus far it is the king watch—made thirty-nine miles in the four hours.

One feature of my first night standing watch with the captain I shall never forget. We had been pacing up and down for three hours—the captain and myself on one side, the quartermaster and the two cadets on the other, sometimes commenting on the weather, blinking into the binnacle, or returning to individual reflections. It was fearfully dull and monotonous, not to say tiresome—when suddenly I was startled by the clarion voice of the captain, who shouted “Quartermaster!” with a sort of Santa Claus intonation which implied that something good was coming.

After a rhetorical pause, “Quartermaster!” again said the captain, dwelling on his



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words, "go down into the cabin and bring up that pail of lunch."

Pail? Pail sounds a little suspicious, but doubtless there is some nautical reason which substitutes pail for hamper.

Lunch! 'Tis a gracious sound. Harmonious to the ear. "Now, that," quoth I to myself, "is just the proper thing. The captain's a brick and has a good idea of what is due to his position the night he stands watch." A pail of lunch! and already I felt like Oliver Twist asking for more. Visions of what might be within the pail served to suppress the impatience at the quartermaster's too deliberate execution of the order. But the quartermaster was not excited—he had had experience.

Doubtless, thought I, this is some extra lunch prepared by kindly hands before sailing and reserved for such occasions. What would it be? Cold chicken at least, and salad, maybe, mince pie possibly, and fruit and a neat little bottle of sherry in all probability.

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Then my imagination ran off with me, for I was anhungered, and the thought of something which was *not* cooked by our greasy steward made me draw mental pictures of hampers such as Dickens loves to write about. But presently the lunch arrives, and the size of the tin pail is satisfactory. Large and round like a wooden well bucket, but much deeper. It has a tight-fitting cover, which the captain loses no time in removing, but he lifts the pail with suspicious ease. The night is dark, but by the light of the stars above there is an interested group near the wheel. The captain is its center, and round him range the quartermaster, cadets, and myself, while the steersman at the wheel looks wistfully on.

The cover is off! But what is the captain doing? Trying on a tin sleeve, or to run his arm through the pail? We bend closer. A hollow sound strikes the ear. 'Tis the captain's knuckles on the bottom of the pail. Evidently he's fishing for something. And



THIRD LIEUTENANT ROSS

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now, Eureka! Habet! Three small ginger-snaps come forth and with due solemnity are presented to one who receives them in a kind of stupor, when the arm goes down on another fishing expedition, and finally as many casts are made as there are guests at this noble feast.

I have never but once seen equaled the combined dignity and generosity with which these ginger-snaps were handed around three at a time to each in order of his rank, not forgetting the man at the wheel—never but once, and that was when Colonel Sellers set up the turnips and water for his guest. That night on retiring, instead of offering a prayer for safety, I prayed for forgiveness for the kind captain for inflicting so grievous a disappointment on his friend and shipmate.

I think this is a good time to describe the duties and personnel of our officers. The captain, very properly, has no set duties to perform, his responsibility and the general oversight being a sufficient burden. At sea

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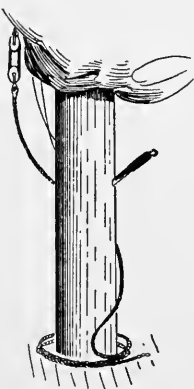
he is a monarch whose slightest wish is regarded as law. Every morning he receives from the first lieutenant a report as to the condition of the ship and all on board; three times a day a report from the second lieutenant showing our exact position on the chart; dictates the course, often goes on deck and gives orders to shorten or make more sail, sharply corrects any lack of seamanship in men or cadets, gives his prognosis of the weather, which you are expected to recall if verified and forget if not, is on deck frequently at night, especially in foggy weather, brags of his ship, and is the only one on board allowed to spit to windward if he chooses.

Personally our captain has had much experience on the ocean, is very cautious, affable, and popular with his crew and officers. He complains a great deal at being sent to sea, allows his mind to dwell upon his home, frequently breaks forth with a "Gracious, how I'd like to see that wife and boy of

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mine!" and spends all his spare time in writing to them. He is a miserable judge of cooking, and our mess is the poorest on the ship. Our steward, a Portuguese, fills his soup with red pepper, makes the queerest-looking coffee, brings on canned stuff vilely green, and into his dessert seems to empty both the sugar bowl and whole bottle of flavoring extract. Every day I get up from the table worse than dissatisfied, while the captain smacks his lips and says to Fish, "Ah! tell the steward that's a first-rate dinner."

His early love for the sea is made evident by one or two india-ink decorations tattooed on his arm. He sits down terribly on anybody who whistles, and in calm weather sticks his knife in the mast with some possible faith in its efficacy in wooing Æolus. By the



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way, he leaves it there until a wind does come, so that it has never been known to fail.

The first lieutenant is the executive officer and ranks next to the captain. He is obliged to stand his watch in turn with the other lieutenants, and besides instructing the cadets in seamanship, is charged with the sanitary condition of the vessel—in fact, you might call him an exacting housekeeper. Every day he personally inspects the ship throughout, and exacts personal cleanliness in the men. He receives also reports from all the petty officers, and fifteen minutes before each meal tastes a sample of food for the men brought to him by the ship's cook. Personally our first lieutenant is thickset, with red hair and ruddy countenance, a red mustache and a ready tongue, vigorous, and so used to finding fault on board ship that when he tries to be pleasant you are at a loss to understand him. He is a man of strong sense, is the heartiest eater on board, and in fact is what you might call "intense." He

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is a thorough seaman, comes from a long line of seagoing ancestors, talks considerably of an uncle (supposed by some to be mythical) with whom he has sailed everywhere and met with every possible incident of sea life—wrecked, chased by pirates, adventures with sharks, cholera epidemics in India, and remarkable proposals for being received matrimonially into wealthy families in Holland and South America. He is without doubt a fine officer, but I cannot think of him except in connection with the wardroom boy “Fin,” who more frequently than any one else fell beneath his wrathful vigilance. “Fin” is himself a character—one of those tall, pale boys with white hair and innocent blue eyes, who asked for a Bible soon after leaving port, and excited favorable comment by writing a daily note for his mother. But I stumbled on this long entry once, and found that it was solely a record of the weather.

To return to our officer. “Bread! Fin,

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bread!" demands the first lieutenant at the table. Fin turns pale and passes the bread. "Fin, bring me a clean plate!" Fin turns to obey. "Have you got any more waffles?" Fin pauses to reply. "Well, don't stop there to talk all day—go on and get the plate. Can't you answer and walk too?"

One evening the lieutenant lay down and instructed the boy to call him at eight o'clock, at which time he was to go on watch. Promptly at eight he was called, and answered, but alas, slept over some fifteen minutes, and was therefore late on deck. Now, the first lieutenant must never be at fault, yet somebody must be blamed, and discipline requires some notice of it, too. Accordingly the convenient Fin is hauled over the coals for not calling "properly," and condemned to stand the midnight watch; and, to make sure in the dark that he is there, he is made to straddle the gallus frame, by which means his suspended legs may be seen against the starlit sky. But here the ingenuity of Mr.

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Fin places him way in the lead, for, tying his boots together, he hangs them over the beam, creeps into the forecandle, and enjoys his usual slumber.

The second lieutenant is the navigating officer—finds the position of the ship three times a day, looks after the log, and finds the latitude every day at noon, and takes time sights from which to work up the longitude. He is tall and handsome—has a family to whom he is devoted, but has the good taste not to utter constant complaints about the trip and longing for the return. He is a fair musician, has a good sense of humor, and on occasion gets off in melodramatic tones the following description of a rescue at sea:

“Indiana, having recovered her senses, found herself in a half-rate, stay-braced, corvette brig; and going on deck, saw to her dismay that the clewlines, taffrail and mizenmast were all set, and she was standing twenty points to starboard.

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“ ‘Brace the fo’castle, my boys!’ sang out Ferox. ‘There’s a storm brewing in the north-southeast.’

“The panic-stricken sailors hastened to obey, when ‘Ship ahoy!’ yelled the mate, and Ferox, with the aid of a powerful glass, discovered an oyster boat about a quarter of a mile off, bearing slowly and majestically down on them.

“ ‘Put the jolly-boat on her hull! Take down her cutwater and furl her anchor!’ shouted Ferox in a voice of thunder. But Indiana, who had watched them with clasped hands and streaming eyes, saw to her utterable delight that in spite of their utmost exertion, the oyster boat was slowly and surely gaining on them.

“ ‘Down with the mainmast! Up with the wheel! Off with the braces! And knock in her knees!’

“But here the oyster boat grazed her sides, Indiana sprang lightly on board, and was saved.”

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The third lieutenant has his regular watch to keep, gives occasional instructions to the cadets, looks after the supplies for his own mess and for the men, and has besides certain clerical duties to perform. He is a young man of ability and intelligence—one of the first graduates of the cadet school in which he is now instructor, and expects to be married soon after the present cruise.

June 22, Wednesday. Last night we had a rough sea, with frequent small gales. This morning it is raining and everything is sticky, moist and uncomfortable. The former seasick patients, who were well day before yesterday, are all suffering again today. I have a sense of nausea myself, and feel bad generally, and spend most of my time in the cabin reading. In the afternoon it clears up, and with a stiff breeze, high waves, and going ten knots an hour, the sailing is grand. At 4.30 P.M. the cadets are summoned on the quarterdeck and have a recitation upon the rigging and other parts

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of the vessel, and naval phraseology. We have made two hundred and thirty-eight miles in the last twenty-four hours.

June 24, Friday. Weather is pleasant and winds favoring. We hope now to make Coruna inside of twenty days from the start, and spend the Fourth in port. The cadets are engaged in various duties pertaining to manual seamanship, such as sailmaking, roping sail, capping rigging, worming, parcelling, and serving of bucket bales, etc., grafting, seizing, and splicing, making grummets, bunt gaskets and fancy straps, and pointing and knotting.

The question is now being agitated by the third lieutenant and myself whether we can induce the captain to go to Bordeaux, which is but one night's ride from Paris by rail. It would be a fine scheme, but we were doomed to disappointment.

June 25, Saturday. At 9 A.M. we sight the island of Corvo, the most northerly of the Azores. This sighting of land at the



SURGEON WYMAN

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time expected, after sailing a thousand miles, and having been at sea eleven days, is a beautiful demonstration of the accuracy of navigation as a science. A little before nine the second lieutenant remarks that we should soon see Corvo, and sends a man aloft to sight it. Shortly "Land O!" is shouted from the foreroyal, and presently from the deck we can see a bold cliff rising gradually out of the mist. The first feeling of insecurity which I have is caused by the sight of this land. How safe we are in the open sea, and how dangerous if, through any chance, we should be drifted toward that cliff. We have sighted the island only for the purpose of testing our chronometer, and we pass at a distance of seven or eight miles and can see the companion island, Floris, further to southward. At night it sets in damp. I stand the captain's watch with him (from eight to twelve every fourth night), and see a large comet in the north. We are making six knots an hour.

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Monday we are sailing briskly at the rate of eight knots an hour, but, unfortunately, in the wrong direction. For the first time the wind is against us, and instead of steering N. E., we are obliged to go S. E. by S., one-half S., which course, if continued, would land us somewhere in Africa instead of Spain.

June 28, Tuesday. Yesterday and to-day we make no real progress on account of head winds. We have been out now two weeks, and are only about eight hundred miles from Coruna. After our fine run of seventeen hundred miles in eleven days it seems unfortunate to have our voyage delayed, but we are entirely dependent on the winds. The captain says that the northeast and southeast winds in this locality are apt to blow in cycles of three days, or some multiple of three, and our experience was in accord with this theory. In this connection may be mentioned the fact that the waves in a heavy sea seem also to come in threes—three consecu-

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tive large ones being followed by three small ones.

The sobriety of this cruise is still impressive, and I find I have not my usual spirits myself. At the table I have a feeling of nausea excited by what is spread before us, and it does seem as though our steward increases the villainy of his galley compounds the longer we are at sea.

At night it is misty and foggy, with no breeze, and we seem to be drifting along into the unknown. The sails hang limp, and as there is no occasion to change them there is nothing stirring aboard. An unnatural quiet seems to pervade the vessel and the waters surrounding. Only occasionally can a star be seen, and one can feel the surrounding gloom as the vessel simply dips up and down with the long swells, and apparently is not going ahead at all. It gives a feeling of loneliness and isolation, which grows into one of ill-defined apprehension, or foreboding, as if something must be going to happen.

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I find myself talking with Lieutenant Ross, who is off duty, and we are on deck leaning over the rail. His talk is in keeping with the situation. He remarks that after all the sea is but a desert, full of dangers, known and unknown; that there must be some cause for the superstitions of sailors. Take the matter of Friday, for instance. No one would dare to launch a ship on Friday, or start on a long voyage that day. There was a Scotchman once, the owner of numerous vessels, who determined to knock out the superstition about Friday. So he laid the keel of a new ship on Friday, launched her on Friday, put her in commission on Friday, and made her set sail from Glasgow on a Friday for India, and she passed out to sea and was never heard from again. There have been plenty of ships never heard from, apparently just swallowed up by the sea with every soul on board—"Sailed away beyond the horizon and seen no more." He recited the case of a naval

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vessel in the Mediterranean that put out from one port for another—never heard of again; and told of other instances, particularly of two men-of-war, one English and the other American, both strangely having the same name, *Wasp*, that had the same fate—just dropped off the face of the waters and no tidings or wreckage of them ever came ashore.

Some theories are that a meteor may strike a vessel; then there are sunken derelicts; and sea monsters are not admitted to be entirely a myth; and of course there's always danger of a fire at sea. The lieutenant talks about the Sargasso Sea, a part of the Atlantic where the seaweed is so thick that vessels getting into it may be held there day after day for weeks before they can get out. Then the conversation turns on other cheerful subjects—waterspouts and tidal waves. Whirlwinds over the ocean cause the waterspouts. They come with a big black cloud, the spout reaching from the cloud to the water in the

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shape of a funnel, and are almost sure destruction to any ships they strike. Ship captains fire into a waterspout to break it—that is, when they see it coming; but of course on a night like this it could not be seen. With this statement, uneasily shifting position, I vainly try to pierce the gloom over the rail. As to tidal waves, they are caused either by the action of the sun and moon or by submarine earthquakes, and come in the shape of a big ball of water racing across the ocean, often just when you would least expect it, and many mysteriously lost ships may have been engulfed and destroyed by this marine terror.

All this wears on one's nerves, and I wonder if any of these things are going to happen on this voyage. I slant my eye toward the lieutenant, to see what he is giving me, but there is no sign of "stuffing" humor. He is apparently in the doldrums himself. Without admitting it, I go to my bunk with an uncanny feeling, greatly impressed with

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the "mysteries of the great deep," with a hankering for land, and glad to be gathered into the arms of Morpheus.

June 30, Thursday. A fine day. Ship on her course, but beating against a head wind, and making slight progress. We are beginning to be impatient as we near the continent, and Cadet Sill, who has been the sickest man on board, expresses the general sentiment when he says that longitude is all that interests him now. This evening, after supper, while seated on the horse block, I forgot myself so far as to violate the well-understood rule against whistling on ship-board, and quite unconsciously launched quietly into a bar of "Annie Laurie." "Great Thunder!" cried the captain, "who's that whistling? You, doctor? Great Guns! you'll have us going under double-reefed topsails and royals in the squalliest kind of weather before morning." I was quite taken aback, but assumed a solicitude befitting the occasion, and begged the captain to stick his



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jack-knife in the mizzenmast as a propitiation to the gods for my dangerous offense. The captain looked serious, but said no more, and there was no more whistling.

July 4. The last three days have been uneventful and our progress slow. We had hoped to celebrate the glorious Fourth in port, but instead we pass a quiet, pleasant day at sea, without special ceremony. None but necessary work is exacted from the men or cadets, and, as is customary, extra provisions are contributed to the berth-deck mess from the messes of the cabin, wardroom and steerage. Such contributions are called "manavelins."

A strange vocabulary prevails among deep-sea sailors, such as the crew of the *Chase*. They have their own lingo and terms for almost everything. "Lobscouse" is a stew of vegetables, meat and hard bread. A "banyan meal" is a meal without meat. Then they have "punganyan stew," "hourang pudding," and "plum duff" (a kind of pud-

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ding), and the salt meat is kept on the berth deck in the "harness cask." And, as to the ship and its rigging, their talk to a landsman would seem like a foreign language.

Toward sunset of this Fourth of July, I am interested in watching two of the crew, Slim and Dismal Aleck, promenading the forward deck. They are as nautical as anything in sight. They've had a good dinner, and, dressed in their holiday suits, are evidently feeling good, not jovial and boisterous, but just satisfied and dignified, as becomes gentlemen of the sea, and they swagger as though on an Ocean Broadway.

They certainly present a picturesque appearance, the long and the short of it, both of them bowlegged, but the lengthy Slim the more so. As he comes toward me the daylight shows between his knees, his trousers flare at the bottom, his shirt, with broad, decorated collar, is full and free, except where gathered in at his narrow waist, and his round cap with "*Chase*" emblazoned in



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gold letters on the ribbon is set jauntily, with the ends of the ribbon flapping in the breeze. Dismal Aleck presents the same appearance, only he's a foot shorter.

They've got their sea-legs on, and in a minute you could tell they were old salts. They are very earnest and serious in their conversation, and look as though they might be plotting mutiny, but they are only telling each other stories.

July 5. We are making splendid headway now—going at the rate of ten knots an hour. In the afternoon we have a fire drill. Several days ago every one on board was assigned his station and duty in case of fire, and the alarm is sounded to-day without premonition by the loud ringing of the bell. Instantly there was the greatest scurrying to and fro, and in less than two minutes every man was at his place, the hatches were tightly closed, the men at the pumps, and two good streams of water playing on an imaginary fire. My own part is at the medicine

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locker, where a boy is stationed with me to help throw overboard combustible material.

In the evening a school of porpoises follow and come alongside the vessel. It surprises me to see them keep up so easily, though we are making ten knots an hour, but I am told they are capable of nearly three times this speed. They are very graceful, leaping from the water with great vigor, giving themselves a vigorous little shake while in the air, and diving again into the sea at all angles. They are all around us, and one can almost imagine he hears them laugh, so pleased do they seem. They might be termed the "sports" of the sea.

July 9. The last three days have been uneventful; have occupied the time in reading. To-day we have a heavy fog. About four o'clock Cadet Starkweather went aloft to look for land and sighted Cape Finisterre. The captain immediately wore ship to stand



CADET CASTWELL
CADET OKIE

CADET WEST
CADET KENNEDY

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off from shore. We hope now to see Coruna in the morning.

It is foggy again at night, and, being off shore, and a strange shore at that, the captain concludes to take soundings, and orders the quartermaster to stand by to heave the lead. I watch the performance with a good deal of interest, and the officer on deck explains the meanings of the terms as they are called out by the quartermaster with a musical intonation. The lead is thrown over and the line attached to it is marked to signify the various depths. For two fathoms the mark is two strips of leather, for three fathoms, three strips, the five-fathoms mark is a white rag, the seven-fathoms mark a red rag, and for ten fathoms the mark is a piece of leather with a hole in it, etc. A fathom is six feet.

In calling off his soundings, the quartermaster reports in fathoms and quarters, thus: "By the mark three!" means three fathoms; "And a quarter three!" means three and one-quarter fathoms; "And a quarter

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less four!" means three and three-quarters fathoms; "By the deep four!" means four fathoms. There is no mark on the line for four fathoms; as stated above, the marks are at three, five, seven, ten, etc., so when the measurement is exactly four, or six, or eight fathoms, the cry is "By the deep four!" or "By the deep six!" etc. In other words, the unmarked fathoms are called deeps.

The markings just mentioned are those for use with the hand lead. Heavier leads and additional markings on the lines are used for deep-sea soundings. To understand soundings you have to become familiar with the "marks and deeps."

I do not recall what depths our soundings gave us, but the intonation reminded me of the soundings on Mississippi River boats, where it is feet instead of fathoms, and where the pilot is so far above the lower deck that the captain has to take his stand on the hurricane deck and transmit the sing-song news from the leadsman below to the pilot above;



CADET EWING



CADET STARKWEATHER



CADET
BROADBENT



CADET JARVIS



CADET SILL

OUTWARD

and I amused the officer of the deck by telling him the story of a man who begged the captain of a Mississippi River steamboat to let him work his passage down the river from St. Louis to Memphis. "What kind of work can you do?" asked the captain. "Anything," was the reply. "Can you take soundings?" "Certainly." "Well," said the captain, "I may need a man for that, and I'll take you." When near Memphis, the pilot blew his whistle for the leadsman, the captain took his place on the hurricane deck, and the man with the lead began heaving it and shouting a musical refrain, as follows: "He ho!" "Ho he hoy!" "Ho ho!" "What does he say, captain?" shouts the pilot. "I can't understand him," replies the captain. "Speak up plainer down there!" "He ho!" "He ho hoy!" again sings the leadsman. Down goes the captain in a towering wrath and confronts his able leadsman on the lower deck.

"What kind of soundings is that, you

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blank blank fool? I can't understand a word you say!"

"Well, to tell the truth," replied the man who was working his way, "I know the tune very well, but I never did know the words."

July 10, Sunday. Bright day, but a great deal of moisture in the air, as has been the case most all the way over. We are in sight of land nearly all day, but the wind is unfavorable, and we are obliged to tack ship frequently in order to weather the capes, Torrinano and Villano. The land is of a mountainous character, with foothills running down to the ocean. There seems to be no soil, but rough as it is, it is pleasant to look upon. We pass a number of steamers and in the afternoon come very close to a Swedish brig, with which we exchange signals. At night, we have a beautiful full moon, but we should appreciate it more if there was a fresh breeze with it, carrying us into Coruna.

July 11, Monday. Twenty-eight days

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from New Bedford. We are within thirty or forty miles of Coruna, but have a light breeze all day, and that in the wrong quarter. We pass several steamers and small vessels, and at 3.30 P.M. sight an island eight miles distant lined with white breakers. By the lighthouse and the neighboring rocks, which are accurately portrayed on the chart, we know these to be the Sisargo Islands, just twenty-five miles from Coruna. The wind is provokingly light and soon becomes almost calm. The next point to be looked for is the "Tower of Hercules," with its flashing light, located at Coruna. The captain announces his intention of going into the harbor during the night, provided it is not cloudy. We are all tired out by this constant pounding against head winds, tacking and wearing ship; and our slow progress is the more provoking, knowing that we are within so short a distance of our destination. About nine o'clock we sight off to starboard the flashing light of the Tower of Hercules,

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burning low and flashing brightly alternately every two minutes. Presently another light is distinguished off to port, and our position is made doubly sure. We have yet to look for another light which marks the entrance to the inner harbor, and around which we have to make almost a right angle. There is something weird in this night-prowling on a foreign coast, after a month at sea, finding our own way without a pilot into a port where no one on board has ever before been. Under other circumstances we might wait until morning, but all feel that we must get in to-night and have our suspense ended. At about eleven o'clock I imagine it will take four or five hours before we reach our anchorage, and I turn in, but am shortly called by order of the captain, who thinks a quarantine officer may board us. The tide and favoring wind have carried us in rapidly, and we are about to cast anchor.

It is a peculiar sensation—before us lies

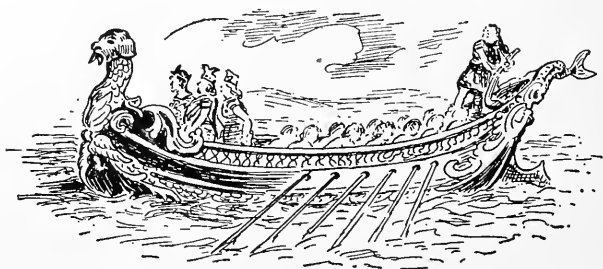
OUTWARD

the Spanish city with its glimmering lights, and some of its peculiarities evident even at this hour, midnight. Around us are a few sailing vessels and steamers, perhaps a dozen, all at anchor, for the city has no docks. Here are we nearly 3,000 miles from home (4,000 for me) in a strange port, where a foreign language is spoken, unannounced and unexpected. What will they think of us to-morrow, when they see our cutter riding at anchor in their harbor, and what shall be our experience in that city, now so utterly strange? But I am aroused from these thoughts by the spirited action on board. Everybody is piped up by the cheerful whistle of the boatswain, sail is reduced to topsails, jib and spanker, the anchor pin is knocked away, and the chain rattles out some twenty fathoms or more; in a few minutes the yards aloft are covered with the men and cadets, reefing and furling, and shortly, as though in a transformation scene, the broad sails are all furled, and our lofty spars stand out

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against the sky, gaunt and grim. Everything is made snug and fast, and between 1 and 2 A.M. we turn in, thankful to have made our port.

But I now miss the rolling of the bark; the quiet is too great, and for a time I have the same feeling of nausea which was excited at first by the ocean swells.



CORUNA





CORUNA, capital of the most important province of northern Spain, is situated at its northwestern extremity. I was unable to find any history of the place, but learned that it is a city of 40,000 inhabitants, very old, but of interest historically only as being the burial place of Sir John Moore, and the point to which the remains of the Spanish Armada repaired after its dissolution. The climate is pleasant, being free from either excessive heat or cold. The officers who are familiar with Spanish towns berated this one as being entirely without interest or attractive feature, but I noted that they expressed their opinion before they had seen the city, and it would have taken a wonderful place to excite their attention.

“All that he sees in Bagdad
Is the Tigris to float him away.”

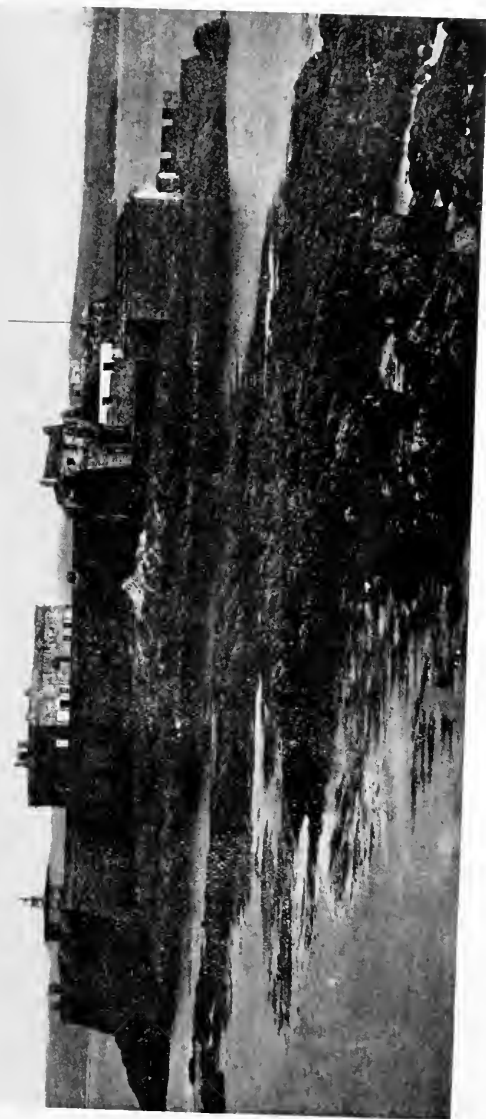
CORUNA

To myself who had never seen a Spanish city before it was full of interest, and I concluded that the fact of its being of little note—out of the run of travel—and entirely un-



influenced by any foreign element in its population, made it all the more valuable to one who wished to see genuine Spanish life.

The harbor was acknowledged by all to be the most picturesque we had ever seen. The inner portion resembles in shape the let-



Old Castle at Entrance of Harbor, Coruna

CORUNA

ter U, and is about a mile and a half in length by a half mile in width, and is fringed around its whole border by the buildings and walls of the city. At the curved end of the U nothing can be seen but the Alamada and the granite buildings beyond, but back of its eastern or inner arm rise the foothills,



colored in beautiful variety, with gardens, pastures, fields of different grains and vineyards—crowned with old walls and towers and crumbling fortresses, and increasing in size toward the midland until lost in mountains of respectable height. We were at a loss to interpret the meaning of the old towers which stood in line at almost regular in-

CORUNA

tervals as far as we could see, and were informed that they were old signal towers; the sea extremity of a system by which, with the use of flags, information was in former times conveyed inland. The harbor has for its western or outer arm a projecting tongue of land closely built upon, and its distal half covered with fortifications and large barracks for the accommodation of the soldiery. Its point is tipped by a little island that seems almost thrown in for artistic effect, which is made complete by its holding just within the compass of its area an ancient castle, as perfectly typical I believe as could be found anywhere. Here you may see everything pertaining to a castle of the olden time, the drawbridge, the outer wall and moat, excepting where the sea renders these last unnecessary, parapet, rampart, tower, and turrets, with their merlons and embrasures, the barrack, barbican and belfry; with outline set grim and square against the sea beyond—its stones gray and mellowed



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with an evident antiquity, and suggestive of the Middle Ages. "How old is that castle?" I inquired. "Well, it's very old, but has been kept in pretty good repair, and is still occupied by the government," was the only answer I could get.



On leaving the ship to go ashore, the first characteristic mark of Spanish enterprise is seen on the pier at which

we land. In the States this would naturally be extended to double its length to permit ships to unload alongside. That would be too fast for the Spaniard, however, so he has to have a large number of lighters, the use of which requires a double handling of the merchandise.

On entering the city the first thing I notice is the peasantry—a class of people with

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which fortunately we have none to correspond. They seem to be very numerous, and look as ignorant as they are said to be. The faces of the women especially are leathery and hardened. If it were not for their varie-



gated costumes they would appear repulsive; they take, however, to bright colors, especially in their sashes and skirts, which last reach only to the knee. From this ana-

tomical point downward they are devoid of vesture. For head adornment they generally have a tub, water-jug or bundle. The men wear knee-breeches, also a bright sash, short jacket, and hat with either a slashing broad brim or a high tapering crown—quite after the style of pictured banditti. They always seem to be posing, look as though they rested most of the time and cared for nothing so much as their *dolce far niente*.



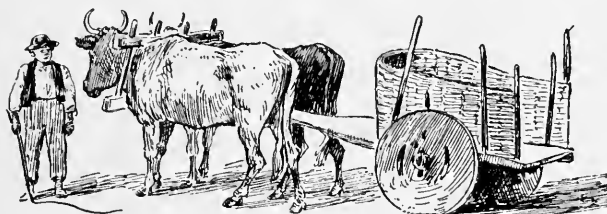
A View of the Modern Part of Coruna



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No education seems to be provided for these people—we are told that spasmodic attempts are made now and then, but in a style so languid that nothing is accomplished.

Can we be in Bible land?—for here are carts and oxen, exact cuts of which I have seen in “Smith’s Dictionary of the Bible”—the cattle are sleek and all of a fawn color,



Alderneys, probably, and the carts have wheels, two in number, cut from solid wood. They are used in moving goods around the city, and appear to be the only express wagons Coruna has.

The houses in the new part of Coruna are not bad looking, though of strange architecture, and all built on precisely the same plan. They are several stories high, built of gran-

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ite, with fronts flat and devoid of ornament. No space is left between the houses nor between them and the street—such a thing as a front yard, however small, is unknown. There are no front steps—not even one. With few exceptions the ground floor is

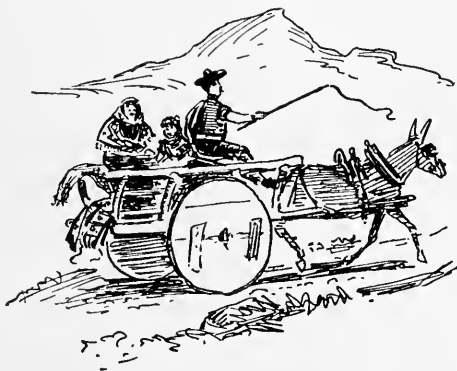


utilized for business purposes, and is on a level with the street. It is the general custom here to live in flats—a family occupying one floor. The streets, I must mention, are very narrow, made purposely so, I am told, that one side may be always shaded. There are no sidewalks, but the paving is of broad flags, and men, women, donkeys, carts, stages, and now and then a hack, are mingled promiscuously. Beginning at the second or any higher story every house has projecting across the entire front what in the States would be called a conservatory. I may call it a narrow bay window from two to four



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feet deep, the front of which is all glass. This serves as a balcony at each story, and to keep the house warm in winter and cool in summer. In the older portions of Coruna these are wanting, the houses being much smaller and the streets more narrow. In



this part of the city everything seems built on a diminutive scale almost ridiculous. It looks as though people living opposite could shake hands across the street, and one can hardly believe that it is a second-story window at which that man is seated whom you might almost touch by leaping as you go by.

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The most aristocratic portion of Coruna is in the vicinity of the residence of the captain-general, and other officials. Here there is a square, one side of which is occupied by the general's residence, which looks more like an arsenal than a private dwelling, and is guarded by sentinels. I see here a number of houses, one or two quite pretentious, occupied exclusively by single families; but the first or ground floor seems to count as nothing, and the doors to the main entrance look like stable doors, marring the appearance of the whole building. "Tell me," says the guide, pointing to an average aristocratic residence, "what would you think of that house in your country?" "That," I was forced to reply, "I would take to be an old government building about ready to be pulled down." The city is supplied with gas, but has no waterworks. There are several large fountains, about which are crowded at all times a large number of men and women—professional water carriers—with



In the Modern Part of Coruna

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casks and jugs of various sizes, with which they supply daily the residences at a certain price. It seems strange to see the ladies on the streets without bonnets. They all wear black veils, pinned somehow to the head, and either pulled across the lower part of the face or thrown back over the shoulder. There are many good-looking ones, and it is said that at Ferrol—a short distance from Coruna—are to be seen the handsomest women in Spain. One never sees a young lady on the street alone; they are invariably accompanied by a maid or relative.

One American institution is conspicuous by its absence—the bar. There is not one in the whole place, nor a lunch counter. There are several good restaurants, but you have to take your time in getting anything.

An American is impressed here by the class distinction so clearly drawn and understood. Our guide, who is an intelligent Englishman, offers to take us to the Artisans' Club, of which he is a member, but says

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he has not access to the other, which is a gentlemen's club—quite unconscious how that would sound in America.

The theater is one of the chief buildings of the city, but was closed. I was told that it is elegantly furnished and that they have a long season of Italian opera every winter.

I must not fail to mention the numerous little establishments commissioned by the government for the sale of cigars and tobacco and postage stamps. These articles can be purchased nowhere else—not even stamps at the postoffice, their sale being monopolized by the State and forming an important source of revenue.

Every day I enjoy my tramp through this quaint city, always finding something new and always interested, especially in the principal street, by the diversified appearance of the population—the peasants in bright colors with their bundles and jugs, the priests, fat and sleek, and in more characteristic dress than they wear at home—an occasional

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donkey weighted with burdens on each side or dragging a small cart, the señoras and señoritas, dark-haired and dark-eyed, and always in couples, the Spanish gentlemen well dressed and in a style which would not excite attention, the boys and men hawking about tickets for the lottery, which is a State institution and an indirect method of taxa-



tion, and last, though not least, the Spanish soldiers and officers clad in a hundred different styles of uniform, each evidently gotten up to surpass the other in display of gorgeous colors, elaborate minuteness of cords, tassels and decorations and in outlandish pattern.

Having given in the above cursory manner the chief characteristics of the place, I

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will simply relate how I passed the time from day to day, during the six days we were there. I might as well explain here that sightseeing was difficult, both through ignorance of the language and because I had no particular companion to go around with.



The captain was too busy (writing letters) to go ashore. The first lieutenant would scorn to feel an interest where the captain didn't; the second lieutenant seemed really indifferent, and I verily believe that in the minds of these officers the chief attractive fact concerning the place was that it is only 2,700 miles from New Bedford instead of



A Street in Coruna

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2,701. The third lieutenant had planned several trips with me, but he was unfortunately taken ill with malarial fever, so that while part of my going was with the officers,



much of it was with the cadets and part with the guide alone.

July 12, Tuesday. The first breakfast after twenty-eight days of sea-rations, with its fresh meat, vegetables and fruit, was like a bucket of water poured into the mouth of Tantalus, and put me in good condition for going ashore at ten o'clock in company with Lieutenant Ross and half a dozen cadets.

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We proceeded at once to the office of the American Consul, Señor A. Garcia Fuertes, a thorough Spanish gentleman of about fifty, who received us cordially. Through him received a short letter from home. On inquiry I found that it takes three or four days to go to Bordeaux, and a day and a half to Madrid, and as this would leave too short a time in either city I am obliged reluctantly to give up both schemes. The consul proposes to call on the captain at 2.30 P.M., and in the meantime an Englishman, who has the contract to furnish us with fresh provisions, insists so kindly on showing Mr. Ross and myself to different places that we let him take us around and soon found it would be impossible to get along without him. We visit the market, which is open all day and is a good one, the pottery, glove, and other stores, and wind up at the Café Suizo. In the shops we notice that many goods are French and English, and in two of them the rosy face and raven locks of the ad-



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vertisement of an American hair restorative beam from the wall. We return aboard early in the afternoon and enjoy the Spanish amusement of taking a rest—for there is great pleasure in simply keeping still after



such constant pitching and rolling on the ocean.

July 13, Wednesday. Was occupied until eleven writing reports, etc., then went ashore by myself and fell in with a party of cadets and interpreter, whom I joined in

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sightseeing until dinner time. With Mr. Kimball and Mr. Kennedy dined at the Hotel Universal. The Spanish, however, call this meal breakfast (from eleven to two) and have their dinner at five or six, taking in the morning only a cup of coffee. But this breakfast was a good dinner nevertheless, served in regular courses, eight or ten in number, in good style. The cooking and attendance are excellent, and there is no place in either Cincinnati or St. Louis where



one can obtain as good a table d'hôte dinner. After dinner and after visiting several stores I left the cadets and went to the consul's office to write letters. Subsequently met the first and second lieutenants, with whom I had a bottle of claret in the café. At about five o'clock, according to agreement, I met



Church of San Jorge, Coruna

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a party of cadets for a donkey ride. The guide went with us to engage our donkeys and to see that we were not cheated. We got them for twenty cents apiece for the round trip, which charge we found included the attendance on foot of a man and two boys. There were seven of us, Moore, Lowe, Kennedy, Cantwell, West, Ewing and myself, and each choosing what he thought to be the best donkey, we started, followed by our three attendants, who trotted along on foot, alternately punching up the brutes, picking up the ends of cigars, begging for coin, and jabbering Spanish all the time. The undignified position of being mounted on a donkey soon seemed perfectly natural, and we jogged along at a surprisingly good rate. The road was macadamized, smooth and good, and our course was toward the hills to the east of the harbor. We passed over several fine stone causeways, with broad low walls which appeared to be used by the peasant pedestrians for their *dolce far*

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niente. On one a peasant lay sound asleep, stretched full length upon his stomach, with arms extended. As we galloped by, the temptation was too much for Lowe, who rode up alongside, and in one time and three motions grabbed him by the seat of the breeches, lifted him from the wall, and dropped him in the road, then hurried on, and the language that was hurled after us did not require interpreting. Shortly after we were greeted by a shower of stones from some peasants in a field, so that this give-and-take business would appear not unusual.

We passed a number of old fortifications, whose age we could only guess at, and turned several times to take in the fine view as we gradually got higher. We passed a green field, through which ran a brook, and in the middle of it stood a number of women washing clothes, who, by their shouts and waving of various pieces, suggested that it was our own laundering they were doing. This is the manner of the country—they take the



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clothes to these small streams and pound them against the stones, and when you get them back you see how it was done. We rode about four miles, stopped at a little Spanish restaurant and tried their native wine, and on the return had a bird's-eye view

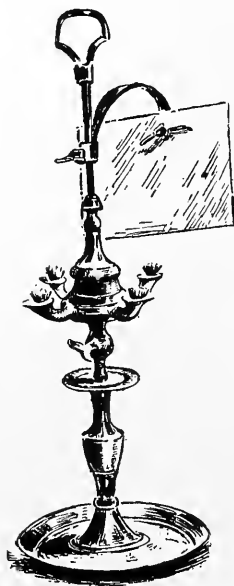


of the bay and our own little bark riding at anchor—looking so small that it seemed almost an act of temerity to have crossed the ocean in it. Took supper at the hotel and returned aboard at nine o'clock.

July 14, Thursday. At ten o'clock went ashore with Lieutenant Ross, a number of cadets and the interpreter, Mr. Hyde. After

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a call at the consulate, Mr. Ross and myself took the guide with us to purchase curios. We could find very few articles which were



not of foreign manufacture. We had dinner at the Fonda de Inocencio, where Mr. Ross became ill and was obliged to take a room, which was small, poorly furnished and kept. I had expected to take the afternoon steamer with some cadets to visit and stay over night at Ferrol, a large naval station, but on account of the lieutenant's sickness,

concluded not to go, and at supper time returned aboard the *Chase*, where we found that the captain had been busy all day receiving distinguished visitors—the military and civil officers of the province and city—who

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were introduced by our worthy consul. We are told that the visit of the captain-general of the province to an officer of less rank than a commodore is quite unprecedented, and that this is a special mark of pleasure in receiving the *Chase* and her distinguished and gentlemanly officers in the port of Coruna. Our consul knows how to do things up to the handle and is a good fellow, but he's shrewd and is evidently making a little capital out of us, and these flattering sentiments are accepted for about what they are worth. We have no doubt that he has also impressed it fully on the minds of the Spanish dons that it is a great honor which the American government has bestowed by sending its cadet ship into the port of Coruna, and as in all our intercourse he is the only one present who understands both languages, he can spread it thick on both sides with facility and perfect safety.

I have now seen a good deal of Coruna, but have not as yet met any of its people

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socially nor been within a private residence. This seems rather slow, and I begin to revolve plans for seeing something of indoor life and possibly to meet some of the handsome señoritas of whom we have caught glimpses on the street. The consul said something about calling at his house as well as office, but I have failed to see him during the last two days to make an engagement. After supper, however, while walking aimlessly around with a couple of cadets, I propose we call at his residence and see if we cannot hunt up something more exciting. We accordingly summon up resolution and go, but are unfortunate in finding that he and his family are all on the Alamada. We leave our cards, however, and are rewarded the next day in a manner shortly to be described. We then ourselves visit the Alamada, which consists of a very broad promenade along the end of the harbor, provided with shade trees and having at one end the public garden. A grandstand is erected at

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the center, and the government band furnishes music Thursday and Sunday evenings. All Coruna is here, and it is a good opportunity for seeing the people. With usual regard for class distinctions, one side of the Alamada is occupied exclusively by

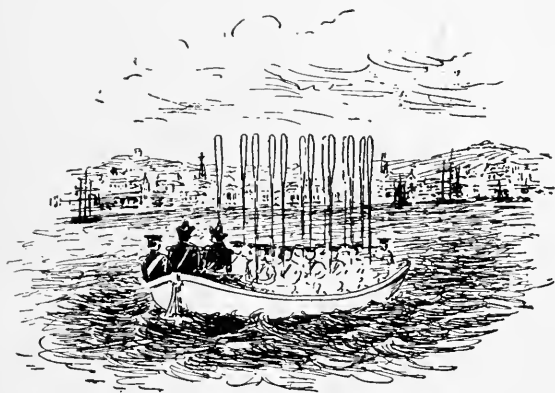


the working people, though no rule compels it. Most of the promenaders are ladies—the unmarried ones being invariably accompanied by their elders, nor does it seem the custom for them to be attended by young gentlemen. The conduct of the young ladies, whether from modesty, training, or the ever-watchful eye of the mother, is

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proper in the highest degree—not a smile nor even a look could be gotten from them, though several honest efforts were made by the gentleman from “la guerre la *S. P. Chase.*” Most of the men occupy the chairs which line the promenade, chatting in groups and smoking the everlasting cigarette. Every one smokes, but chewing seems to be an unknown accomplishment and excites the wonder of the gamins, who follow the strangers with undisguised curiosity and beg for pieces of American plug, with which they are freely supplied by the generous cadets and shown *how*—that there may be no mistake in the effect.

July 15, Friday. Went ashore at ten, and was met at the pier by the consul’s clerk, who requested me to stop at the office, where the consul was waiting to invite me to dinner. I was requested to convey the same invitation to the captain, and request the cadets to call in at coffee in the afternoon.



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That was a neat acknowledgment of our call last evening.

At one o'clock the captain and myself, in full dress uniform, are ready for the consul's dinner, and the "gig" is at the side ready to carry us.

The captain's gig is something like a state carriage, and when it is called there is a very pretty show on hand. Twelve able seamen and a coxswain, all in natty white uniforms, bring the thirty-foot finely-built open boat to the gangway or side ladder. The beautiful ensign floats from the staff in the stern, and everything about the boat is as clean and bright as labor can make it.

The crew are in their seats with oars shipped, and the boat fended off from the ship's side by boat-hooks in the hands of the stroke and bow oarsmen. The captain appears at the gangway, accompanied by the officer of the deck and those who are going with him. Juniors in rank or official impor-

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tance must enter the boat first, the captain last.

When all are seated, the order is given "Shove off forward!" and the man in the bow shoves off, stows his boat-hook, and lays his hand upon his oar. "Up oars!" is the next order, and the twelve oars are raised to the perpendicular, giving the effect of "Present arms!" in military drill. "Let fall!" and with precision down come the oars in unison into the water. "Give way!" is the next order, and all are pulling for the shore.

As the landing is approached, "In bow!" is the command, and the man at the bow rises, with boat-hook in hand, to sheer off or pull in, as the case may be. The order "Way enough!" quickly follows, and the oars are raised simultaneously to a vertical position, then laid in the boat, the blades pointing forward, while the boat slides along by its own momentum, skilfully steered by the coxswain up to the landing.

Now, who gets out first? The captain.

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But on the return to the boat the junior must enter it first. The junior always gets into a small boat first and gets out of it last.

We are met at the landing by the consul, who escorts us to his house, from the front of which he has the eagle and national colors displayed. I say house by courtesy, for he occupies but one floor, as is the custom even with people of means. We are ushered into a large parlor, carpeted with what appears to be an American tapestry, and whose furniture is covered with a bright yellow damask, the curtains also being yellow to match. There is little ornamentation, and this is the only carpet we see in the house. He has to meet us Señor Laureano Ma Munoz, an elderly gentleman, formerly Secretary of State and at present a supreme judge of the province, and worth a round million. We engage him in conversation as well as we can, the consul being interpreter and the subjects being chiefly the national characteristics and political methods of both

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countries. Cigars are passed, then a *sangaree*, and in about an hour the ladies are presented, and we go at once to dinner. The captain is placed at the consul's right and I at the right of Mrs. Fuertes at the other end of the table.

Of the dinner, it need only be said that it was excellent in every respect—the courses were too numerous to mention, and some of the dishes I had never seen before. We had wine of several kinds, including champagne. The table service and linen were very fine, and the two waiters performed their duties as though used to them.

We numbered nine at the table, four of whom were young ladies. The only one present who could understand both languages was the consul, who proved to be a very able host and kept things going with much tact. The situation was novel. I had three young ladies directly opposite me and one to my right, and they kept up a very lively conversation, sometimes addressing

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me, sometimes each other, and frequently calling upon the consul to interpret what they had said. Their remarks, too, were quite witty and apropos, and I soon found myself wishing that I had studied just a little Spanish before starting on the cruise. Finally, after tiring the consul as much as we dared and being in desperate straits, we found some amusement in giving mutual instruction. By pointing to table objects and giving the English I would receive the Spanish name in return, and our knowledge soon was extended to phrases such as "Can I help you?" "Thank you, no," and "Thank you, yes," in rehearsing of which a good deal of time was consumed. Many laughable errors were committed on both sides. One of the ladies had acquired one or two English terms during a residence in Cuba, and made brave attempts to converse. Seeing me notice Mrs. Fuertes' little girl and trying to convey the idea that I seemed fond of children, she, with much difficulty, got out:

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“You—docktore—do kiss all ze leetle girls,” which seemed a hit at the politic methods of the profession and raised a laugh. The captain then asked her up to what age she thought the doctor might be allowed to carry this practice, to which, meaning eight, she



replied eighteen, which was near enough her own age to give point to the mistake.

After dinner the cadets called, and we adjourned to the parlor, where a fresh table was already spread and covered with ornamented pastry, sugared fruits, etc., and where we were made to sit again and partake of coffee, confections and wine. Later we left the

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three elderly men to their cigars and adjourned to the room containing the piano, where, with only Mrs. Fuertes as chaperon, and no one understanding both languages, the impudence of American cadets was at once manifested. With perfectly straight faces they began their open comments: "I bid for the one on the sofa," "Well, I'll take the one near the window," "This one at the piano is a daisy," "How old do you think she is?" etc., the objects of these remarks receiving them with pleasant smiles and keeping up a running talk with each other, which may have been equally personal if not so complimentary. They played for us, and we, in turn, sang some choruses. We tried dancing, too, but the Spanish style is so different from our own that we were obliged to give it up. On expressing, as well as we could, our regret, three of them, to music by a fourth, performed a special dance for our benefit, a kind of Spanish fandango, which was beautiful, and more graceful in

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execution than any dance I have ever seen. We bade them adieu at eight o'clock, promising to call, and much pleased with our afternoon amusement.

July 16, Saturday. In the forenoon, visited the government tobacco factory in company with the captain, first and third lieutenants, and our guide, Mr. Hyde. The tobacco used all comes from the United States. There are 4,000 women employed here (in one building) making cigars and cigarettes. They are a hard-looking set, and among the whole 4,000 I saw but one or two attractive faces. In revolutionary times, it is said, the government fears these women more than any other class. Their average pay is fifteen cents a day—and most of them walk a distance of six miles to get to their work, and I am credibly informed that a number walk as far as eighteen miles and back every day, and that their pay is less because they cannot perform a whole day's





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work. The cigars made are mostly of a very inferior grade.

On returning to the *Chase* we received a call from the civil governor of the province, who seemed a gentleman of much intelligence. In the afternoon we made our party call at the consul's and found that it amounted to another reception. The consul has certainly exerted himself for our entertainment. I leave the cadets there and am attracted by music, loud explosion of rockets, and a crowd of people, and, chancing to meet the consul's clerk, am told that it is a religious procession, and we wait in the main street to see it pass. I cannot do it justice from memory nor convey the remarkable impression it made on me—its evident purpose being to impress the common people. First came a drummer and a man playing a sort of bagpipe, said to be the national instrument of the country people. Following were a few rotund priests in sacerdotal robes, and then a line of boys and girls on each side of

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the street, and between them a very old priest and attendants bearing a banner. Then came a line of women on each side of the narrow street, bearing lighted candles in their hands. Next were four cavalrymen, followed by a very large and loud brass band, a few more priests, and then the feature of the procession—a painted, life-size statue of the Virgin Mary in a standing posture made of wood, fixed upon a platform and borne on the shoulders of six men. Everybody uncovered as it went by, and a company of infantry brought up the rear. Rockets were fired during the whole time the procession was moving, and as it filed into St. Jorge's Church, from which it started, a perfect fusilade of all sorts of noisy fireworks was kept up from an adjacent hill. I am told that processions are very frequent, those of this class being given four or five times a month and grander ones less often.

This over, I wandered around the older portions of Coruna by myself and came

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across the small cemetery in which Sir John Moore is buried. There is simply a large oblong tombstone, surrounded by an iron fence and bearing the following inscription—

JOANNES MOORE,
Exercitus Britannici Dux,
Prælio Occisus,
A.D. 1809.

As I gazed upon this inscription, there came to my mind the poem so popular as a declamation in schoolboy days, written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe:

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

I

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

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II

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

III

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

IV

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

V

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!



Burial Place of Sir John Moore, Coruna

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VI

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

VII

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

VIII

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

Here lay the inspiration of this poem, and here was the rampart to which he was hurried at "dead of night."

The grave "where our hero we buried" is beautifully located near the edge of a

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bluff overlooking a broad expanse of ocean stretching away toward England, his home. The iron fence seems typical of the fate that at the last moment barred him from the ships that were to take him and his command to his native land, where future usefulness and honor awaited him. The expedition sailed away, leaving him "alone with his glory." It was his master mind, his genius, that had led them successfully through the dangers of a retreat before an overpowering force to the point of embarkation and enabled them to leave in safety by inflicting at the last moment a decisive defeat upon the enemy, who had hoped to rush them into the sea or cause their surrender. Sir John Moore was killed, but not until he knew of his victory.

A cursory review of this, his last, campaign may be of interest.

The British forces had caused the French to leave Portugal, and that country was now restored to independence. It then became

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the British determination to aid the Spaniards in their contest with France. Napoleon had deposed the Spanish king, and placed his own brother, Joseph, on the Spanish throne, supported by 110,000 French troops. The Spaniards rose against him.



Napoleon poured in fresh troops, who, at last, were successful against the Spanish, but were afterward themselves signally defeated. One French army to the number of 18,000 laid down their arms on condition that they should be sent by sea to France. These terms enraged the populace of Spain, and eighty of the French officers, on their return

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toward Cadiz, were massacred by a mob. King Joseph hastily abandoned Madrid and joined the French forces on the Ebro.

Spain was, however in a disorganized condition and failed to continue her effective warfare, and, moreover, misled the English both as to the strength of her own armies and that of the enemy. For a time there was no central military authority, the Spanish armies being under the control of provincial juntas and lacking coördination. Therefore the support which Moore had confidently expected from the Spanish throughout this campaign amounted to little or nothing.

October 6, 1808, Sir John was placed in command of the British army that had been landed in Portugal to be employed in the north of Spain "to coöperate with the Spanish armies in the expulsion of the French from the kingdom." In the meantime Napoleon had resolved to lead his army in person, and by October had gathered into Spain

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troops numbering 318,000 men, later increased to 335,000.

Sir John Moore's army consisted of 20,000 men, and he was informed 10,000 additional were about to sail for Coruna. These joined him, after much difficulty, at Salamanca. Five days after his appointment, Moore began his march from Lisbon, and



on November 11 crossed the border into Spain. He arrived at Salamanca November 13, and vainly looked for the coöperation of the Spanish army. There was no Spanish army to coöperate with.

Napoleon, in the meantime, had overthrown the Spanish arms in the north and was marching against Madrid. Tidings to this effect did not reach Moore until Novem-

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ber 28, and he was deceived as to the true state of affairs. On December 4 Napoleon took possession of Madrid, and little remained to complete the conquest of Spain but the destruction of the British army. He endeavored to entice Sir John Moore toward Madrid, where he could be readily surrounded. By artifices and agents who were his ready tools, he even caused Moore to believe that Madrid was still in the possession of the Spanish.

But Moore was not to be trapped. He determined to advance northerly and attack the French forces which kept open the communication between France and Madrid, with a view to forcing Napoleon to abandon operations against southern Spain, thus giving the southern provinces an opportunity to rise and organize.

Moore left Salamanca December 13 with about 22,000 men, some of his forces being still on the march from Portugal, and others located at Lugo and Astorga. He fought

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the French and won a battle at Sahagun. Through a captured letter he had learned that the French believed he was in retreat to Lisbon, and that the advance-guard of the French army was en route south to Badajoz to cut him off, while Marshal Soult in the north had been directed to move southerly to Leon and Zamora.

After the victory at Sahagun, Moore was about to attack Soult, when he further learned that the enemy's army at Madrid was moving in his direction, and knew thereby that Napoleon had abandoned his invasion of the south of Spain and would try to intercept his communication with Portugal and the sea coast. He therefore began immediately his retreat toward Coruna. Napoleon himself attempted to intercept him at Astorga, and arrived at that point January 1 with 80,000 men and 200 pieces of artillery, but Moore had left Astorga the previous day, December 31.

Napoleon at this point, whether he saw a

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losing game, or really felt, as he gave out, that his presence was necessary in Paris on account of the alliance forming against him by Russia and Austria, suddenly returned to Paris, many of his forces were withdrawn to the Rhine, and the pursuit of Moore was left to Marshal Soult with 25,000 men and 10,000 more at Astorga as reinforcements.

For the succeeding ten days Moore conducted a masterly retreat, beating off the French from time to time, and arrived with his command at Coruna January 11. No transports were in sight, but they arrived on the evening of the 14th. The intervening days were occupied by arranging his plans for the battle which was inevitable, resting his troops, and furnishing them with new arms and fresh ammunition obtained at Coruna.

On the 16th preparations were completed for embarking all the troops that evening, with the expectation that all would be on board by the following morning.



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The dismounted cavalry had already been embarked, and the effective force of infantry amounted to less than 15,000. The army had been reduced by the killed and wounded in the numerous engagements, by sickness (particularly the typhus fever), by straggling, and by detachment of a force sent to Vigo.

The French under Soult numbered 20,000 and began the attack early in the afternoon of the 16th. A fierce battle ensued, Moore commanding his troops in person, accompanying one regiment of Highlanders in a desperate charge, and by his clear appreciation and prompt action in each emergency proving himself master of the situation. In the moment of victory he was struck by a cannon ball in the left shoulder and chest, and died shortly afterward while being carried from the field at the close of the day, but not until he knew that the French were beaten.

Sir John Moore is one of England's great

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characters. He died at the age of forty-seven. Had he lived longer, he would undoubtedly have added to his fame. He was a brilliant general. He outwitted Napoleon and defeated one of his marshals in pitched battle. But he was more than a general. He was a man of great personal dignity and honor, and a true patriot.

He early desired a military life and was trained for it. His prevailing sentiment is perhaps expressed in the following extract from one of his letters:

“Whenever by promoting the public weal distinction is aimed at, ease must be relinquished, toil embraced, and anxiety endured.”

July 17, Sunday. By invitation, the consul, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, come aboard at eleven o'clock. We had met most of them on the two previous days, and feel the advantage of acquaintance, but also the difficulty of scraping up fresh conversation—for our short phrases



SIR JOHN MOORE

CORUNA

have grown rather stale. They are all pretty, stylish and accomplished. We had learned that most of them were quite wealthy. We entertain them by our regular Sunday muster and inspection, a lunch, a look through the ship, feats of magic by our third lieutenant, who is an adept, singing, and such conversation as we can carry on by the occasional aid of the consul. At four o'clock they return ashore, and obtaining the company of a young Spanish gentleman and an interpreter, I paid a visit to the two hospitals here, the civil and the military. The latter is a very fair institution and is located in the barracks, where my uniform secured very polite attention from the medical director and post surgeon. I got but one new idea by both visits, and will reserve a description for a special paper.

I was afterward taken to the Nobs Clubhouse, which is more American-like than anything I have seen here. In one room the

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expenditure was said to have been \$16,000, which I was candidly assured to be the truth, and in explanation had my attention directed to the elegant oil paintings upon the ceiling, upon which most of the expenditure was made. They were masterpieces executed in Barcelona. The furniture, upholstery, etc., of this room was very rich. They have, besides, a reception-room, billiard tables, electric bells, restaurant, and a regular room for heavy gambling. At seven o'clock we meet our Spanish friends on the Alamada and enjoy as much as we can their society for the last time—for to-morrow we sail. We promenade up and down the long walk, once in a while catching a mutual idea, laughing and exchanging remarks, ours in English and theirs in Spanish, indifferent that their meaning could only be surmised. But this unusual kind of conversation could not long be maintained, so finally, with interchange of cards and complimentary sentiments, we



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bid them good-night and go aboard for the last time at Coruna.

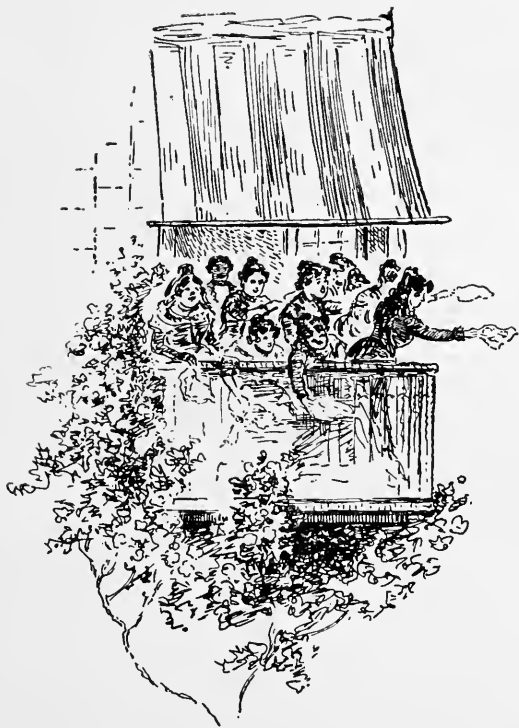
At eleven o'clock, while writing a letter, I am interrupted by a serenade. Three boats, containing ladies and gentlemen (members of the glee club we afterward learned), are rowed slowly around our bark just as the moon in her last quarter is rising above the old Spanish castle on the little island at the head of the bay. The time is well chosen and the music is quaint and characteristic. They come almost within oar's length, one person playing the guitar and another singing a plaintive melody, in which we can make out "Fair Amerika" and one or two other terms which show that it is quite complimentary. Then follows the finest guitar playing I ever heard, afterward a duet and a chorus, all in excellent taste.

The first lieutenant, who is on watch, does not know what to do, as the captain is very tired, takes little stock in anything of the kind and would be angry if awakened. Be-

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sides, visitors have been crowding the ship all day long—so to express our appreciation and to apologize for not inviting them on board, the lieutenant sends for our little yellow-faced Portuguese steward, who speaks Spanish, and directs him what to say. But the utilization of Joe is, socially speaking, a mistake. Joe, it seems, is a connoisseur of stringed instruments. His remarks seem rather long and appear to call forth responses from the boat, in which we can distinguish “reals” and “duros.” “Did you tell him what I told you?” asks the lieutenant. “Yes, sir,” replies Joe. “Well, what are you talking so long about?” “Oh, I’m asking him how much will he take for his guitar.” “You go below d—n quick!” shouts the irritated officer.

July 18, Monday. We sail to-day for Fayal in the Western Islands, about 1,000 miles distant, and hope to make the run in from seven to ten days. The consul sends his regrets and adieus aboard by the first





CORUNA

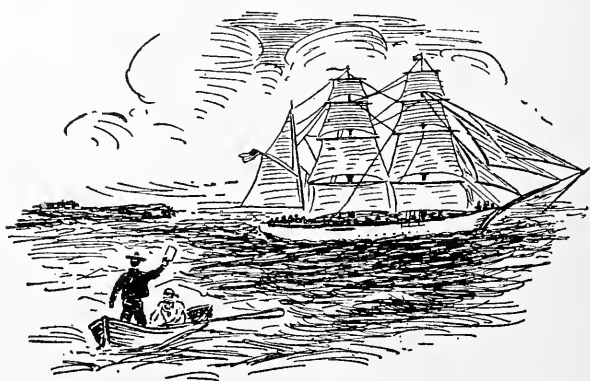
lieutenant, who says he had tears in his eyes and seemed genuinely affected at parting. He has enjoyed our company, but what would Coruna have been to us without him? The captain says he has been more attentive than any consul he has met in all his travels.

We are towed out of the harbor by a small English wrecking steamer, and as we pass outward we can, with glasses, see the consul's house and ladies waving handkerchiefs from the windows. We wave in return and dip our ensign, and thus bid them a final good-by.

But in gazing at the windows we have all failed to observe a small boat that has shot out from the shore with the evident intention of intercepting us. We are fast leaving it astern when a man is seen to rise and wave his hand earnestly. There is a packet in his hand; something important evidently. The captain gives orders for the steamer to go slowly, and presently we are drifting at a snail's pace, while the boat approaches.

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It is a graceful little boat, holding two men. The one who has the official-looking package in his hand sits in the stern and hastens the labor of the other, a sturdy oarsman, who, with graceful stroke, brings his boat alongside. Everybody collects at the



port gangway to see the meaning of this event—including the captain, ready to receive in proper form this envoy extraordinary. The gentlemanly personage proves to be an attaché of the consulate, and as his little boat slides alongside at the gangway he rises, and with a courtly elevation of his

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hat and a distinguished salute, holds the parcel aloft and calls for "Señor West!"

Amid a buzz of surprise, "Señor" West steps forward and takes the packet. The captain, as though suspecting its nature, demands that Señor West open the packet then and there, and poor West, himself full of curiosity, loses no time in doing so and finds within a beautiful photograph, cabinet size, of one of the señoritas we had met.

It would be difficult to paint the conflicting emotions which chased themselves over West's countenance as he listened to the tones of anger and disgust in which the captain stormed at "being stopped for a photograph," to the unmerciful deviling of his fellow cadets, and then gazed upon his beautiful photograph and realized the success of his "mash" and that he had the proud distinction of being the only one to bring away a photograph. No wonder that in the excitement of the moment he listened to the seductive advice of Hall and hurried below

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to write an acknowledgment. But how should he write? Not in English, for she would then be forced to have it translated. "Here, Hall," he says, "you write a little French, and she understands it. Just write a pleasant acknowledgment." To which the complaisant and somewhat jealous Hall readily assented, and thereupon sat down and filled a sheet with the most extravagant expressions of affection, fully committing his brother cadet and laying the foundation for a breach of promise case if West ever goes back to Coruna. The letter is hurriedly sealed and given to the courteous messenger, who, with repeated gestures of friendship, drifts away in his boat.

But never mind their chaffing, West; they cannot take from you your distinguished honor, nor rob you of the reflection that never was a photograph more elegantly bestowed—never one received under more picturesque circumstances.

CORUNA

Soon we are again upon the ocean with all sails set and bound this time in the direction of home.



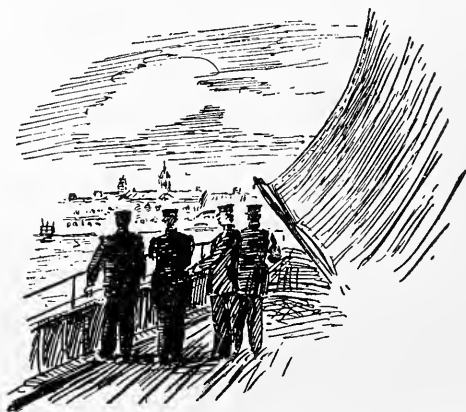
CORUNA TO FAYAL



FROM Coruna to Fayal in a straight line is 1,000 miles, and we hoped to make that distance in about one week, but on account of light winds were out fifteen days. As we left Coruna that Monday forenoon, July 18, after our welcome rest on shore and with our bark headed toward home, I could but contrast the general feeling and appearance of those on board with their appearance on leaving New Bedford. Then it was raining and foggy; to-day it is beautifully clear. Then we were not hardened to the sea; now we feel like old salts. The whole cruise was then before us; it is now half over, and as the captain expressed it, every ship's length we sail is that much nearer home. Unfortunately, again I am at variance with the general feeling, for, as the beautiful harbor, strange city and interesting sights fade

CORUNA TO FAYAL

from view I experience the deepest regret at being obliged to go without seeing more of the Old World. But now that we are leaving, everybody seems in such good humor that I cast aside my own regret, and enter into the spirit of the occasion. Besides, it's



quite refreshing, as well as amusing, to note the different tone in the comments on the quarterdeck. "Not such a bad place after all," says the now complaisant captain. "No," dutifully echoes the first lieutenant; "the city looks fine, and I never saw such a

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beautiful harbor anywhere." "Nor I," said the captain; and that consul is the best one I ever met in all my travels."

"Well," turning to the second lieutenant, "I can feel them pulling at the other end of the line," and he gazes toward the west with a look which plainly says, "I am coming, my dear."

I wish I could faithfully present the mental photograph made by the scene that morning. Our trim bark, as clean and polished as a new pin, with all her white sails spread, plowing the blue water at moderate speed; the walled city with its castles and fortresses fading to the rear, with a background of hills, dark and stony, or clad with green and yellow verdure; the ocean rippled by the light breeze and dotted here and there with a steamer, ship or felucca; and all lighted up by a bright sunshine of that peculiar quality which both warms and exhilarates. I know that often, while confined within some dusty city, this fresh, bright scene will

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come to mind, and by its very memory please as though it hung in oil and canvas on the wall.

But the reverse of this picture came that night in the shape of gales of wind and a very heavy sea. The bark pitched, rolled and twisted unmercifully, and the waves dashed over the deck with more force than at any other time during the cruise. A large wave broke into the wind-sail connecting with the steerage and flooded it. Another came over the bulwark and struck the deck with such force just over my head that for a moment I thought a heavy spar must have fallen from aloft. The wind caught our jib and tore it into shreds. I began to hope that it was an honest contractor who built this ship, for if a plank should start what a fix we would be in, and the way she creaks, groans and trembles under the violent slaps of the waves makes one realize the thinness of the partition between himself and eternity. It is said that when the celebrated engineer,

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Captain Eads, was urging his project for a ship railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, to an inquiry by an old captain as to how the ships would stand the strain of being lifted out of the water, he retorted by wishing to know how they stand the strain in the water—the force of which reply I comprehend to-night, realizing what a wrenching our ship is receiving.

But the one fact that dispels fear and that has given confidence in all our stormy weather is the thorough seamanship of our officers. They cannot be surpassed in nautical ability. You never hear of foolish accidents to revenue cutters. The corps is a fine one, commissioned by the President, and is by law a part of the navy in time of war. Many of the present officers served with distinction in the navy during the Civil War. The service was established in 1790, and possesses some forty vessels, nearly all steamers, plying along the coast of the United States from Maine to Alaska. They

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enforce the navigation laws and customs regulations, and assist vessels in distress. There are many acts of heroism and bravery in the chronicles of the service.

There is other consolation during the



storm. We are “off soundings”—have plenty of sea room—no lee shore. And this reminds me of a poem written by Mr. Howison, the second lieutenant, which I persuaded him to allow me to copy. It well describes

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the danger of a lee shore and a ship's tactics in getting away from it.

TACKING SHIP ON A LEE SHORE

The weather leech of the topsails shivers,
The bowlines strain, the lee shrouds slacken,
Taut each weather brace, the tall mast quivers,
While the seas with the coming storm-cloud
 blacken.

Open one point on the weather bow
Is the lighthouse tall on Fire Island Head;
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel and with eager eye
On sea, and shore, and heavens gaze,
Till the muttered order "Full and bye!"
Is sharply changed "Keep full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays,
And swifter springs to the rising seas
As the captain shouts "Stand by for stays!"

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In silence all, each takes his place,
With the gathered coil in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, sheet and brace,
The watchword waiting, impatient stands.

And now Fire Island's light draws near
And in trumpet tones the pilot's shout
From his post on the bowsprit heel, I hear,
The welcome cry "Ready about!"

No time to spare, 'tis touch and go,
As the captain growls "Down helm, hard down!"
And my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
The heavens grow black with an angry frown.

High o'er the knighthood flies the spray,
As she meets the shock of the plunging sea,
And my stiffened form to the wheel I lay,
"Ay! ay! sir! Helm a-lee!"

With a swerving leap, like a startled steed,
The ship flies up in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on her lee recede,
And the headlands white we leave behind.

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The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse,
Then strain and creak at the groaning cleats,
The mainsail slaps, the spanker flaps,
As thunders the order "Tack and sheets!"

'Midst the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the
crew

Hisses the rain of the coming squall,
The sails are back from clew to clew,
And now is the time for "Mainsail haul!"

And the heavy yards, like a baby's toy,
By strong arms fifty are swiftly swung,
She holds her own, and I look with joy
To the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go and haul!" 'Tis the last command,
As the mainsail fills to the blast once more,
Astern, to leeward, lies the land
And the broken white on the rocky shore.

What matter the rain, or the reef, or squall,
As I steady the helm for the open sea,
The boatswain bellows "Belay there all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

CORUNA TO FAYAL

So off shore let the good ship fly!
Little care I how the breeze may blow,
In my forecastle bunk and jacket dry,
Eight bells have struck,—my watch below.

July 19 to 30. The morning, July 19 following our rough first night out from Coruna found a number of cadets again seasick, and their cases were severe on account of imprudence in eating while on shore. Excepting one night (July 30) we had quiet weather after this until we reached Fayal. During these twelve or fourteen days, I myself was not very well, and had to treat a large number of cases of indigestion and fever caused by dampness of quarters and the poor water which we took on at Coruna. Though the days were sunny, the atmosphere seemed saturated with moisture, making everything below deck uncomfortable. It is almost impossible to thoroughly ventilate a ship, and in spite of the greatest care our staterooms get musty. On retiring



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at night the sheets are so damp that it is hazardous to use them, and we wrap ourselves in blankets instead. We have several days of dead calm, when the sea becomes glassy and the sails flap, flap against the masts all day long. Every book and newspaper on board is read thin.

The captain divides his time in carving, watching the barometer and shouting, "Whew! My gracious! Oh, for a wind." And the first lieutenant works off his feelings on the wardroom boy and by putting up fresh work for the cadets. The cadets, indeed, do not have a very easy time. They have their watches to stand, their recitations to get, time-sights to take and work up, and when nothing else can be thought of they are commanded to put on their jumpers for exercise in seamanship, which means all sorts of work with needle, canvas and rope. They are not a class, however, to endure without grumbling, and they express their feelings by reciting to one another their catechism,

CORUNA TO FAYAL

whose questions and answers are witty sarcasms upon their duties and instructors.

One cadet asks the question in a loud voice, and the others answer in unison, so that the officers in the adjoining room can hear it readily.



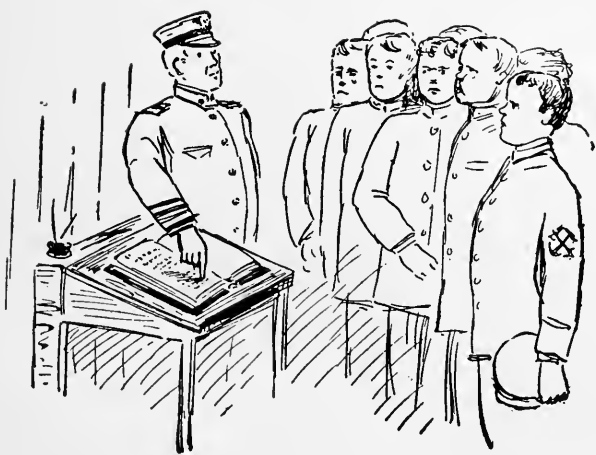
Q. Who made the earth? A. Captain Henriques.

Q. What is the most godlike being that walks the earth? A. A captain in the revenue marine.

Q. What is the most contemptible thing that crawls? A. A cadet.

Q. Who bring head winds? A. Cadets.

Q. How do you know cadets bring head



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winds? A. Because the captain always lays for them when there are head winds.

Q. What is the rank of cadet? A. Next below that of mess boy.

Q. What is a third lieutenant? A. That is what the third lieutenant would like to know.

The captain had occasion to examine the log during the very stormy weather of July 18, and much to his surprise perceived that every cadet on watch had recorded "sea smooth."

This was a mental aggravation heaped upon his physical discomfort which was unendurable, and he accordingly summoned them all aft and gave them a raking over on the log. Mr. H. B. West was the first offender who during the heavy gale had reported "sea smooth." "And," says the captain, reading each name in succession, "you all follow one another and copy his note like a parcel of sheep following a bell-wether."

I have been puzzled to know just why the

CORUNA TO FAYAL

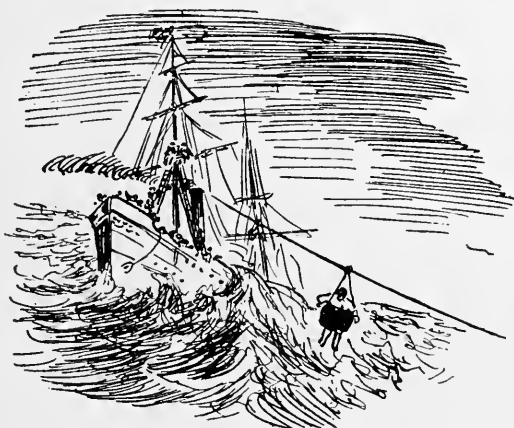
cadets so uniformly made this entry, but have concluded that on account of the rough weather the captain and first lieutenant had found other objects to whang and growl at and really it *did* seem smooth sailing. In other words, the smoothest sailing for these young men is in the roughest weather. As they are quite capable of this fine sarcasm, this may have been their motive.

However, this sharp reprimand, received at the beginning of their professional careers, will be of value to the cadets in warning them against that deadly feature of government service, the official rut. There are too many "Pub. Funes" in official life who never get out of a rut and do things in a particular manner, without regard to reason, but just because they have been done that way before.

The incident gave a nickname to West, who was ever after known as "Horace Bellwether West," and after the class had been duly drubbed and dubbed as "very defi-

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cient," etc., they were sent to the steerage to supper, where long Broadbent gravely added another section to the catechism by asking "What kind of yachts are cadets?" And in reply to an inquisitive silence, re-



marked "Idyots!" and quickly dodged the inevitable shower of hardtack.

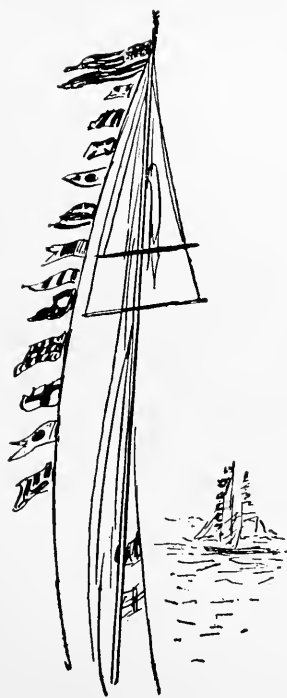
The nights now are very agreeable, and I have many pleasant chats with these young gentlemen and am quite entertained by two of them in particular, Messrs. Kimball and Cantwell, who have both been employed in

CORUNA TO FAYAL

the Life-Saving Service and narrate many interesting stories of wrecks of vessels and saving of human life to which they were eye-witnesses.

During one of these quiet days we have several fine illustrations of inverted mirage—a ship on the horizon appearing suspended high in air, inverted, and resting apparently on its upright image beneath. Of course, it is known that this is caused by unequal refraction in the lower strata of atmosphere, but it is not so easy to understand the explanation that the upright ship is the reflection and the inverted one is the object itself. “A mirage is sometimes dangerous,” the captain remarks, and narrates how on one occasion near Fort Fisher, in North Carolina, on account of a low fog and a land mirage, the fort appeared a mile or two off, when the fog suddenly lifting, the mirage at the same time vanished, and he found himself within a few rods of the beach.

July 30, Saturday. To-day we have a



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strong wind, and as I come on deck I find all sails set and the ship plowing through the high waves at a rapid rate. But no enthusiasm is shown by the officer on deck, for it seems we are not on our course. A soft, gentle breeze from another quarter and mere wafting along would serve our purpose better. What a striking analogy does this bear to a man who works hard, but in the wrong direction. We sight an English foretopsail schooner, and a very large French steamship. There is a pleasure in exchanging signals with a ship at sea; it is a sort of long-range politeness. We raise our ensign, which is both a salute and an announcement of our nationality, and receiving a like announcement in return, run up the signal flags which spell our name, and others to signify all well on board, with a request to be so reported.

July 31, Sunday. We sight the Western Islands about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Fayal is the most western one, and after sup-

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per it becomes evident we cannot make it for several hours, so the captain shortens sail and stands up against the wind with the double object of making the bark ride easier for the night (it is quite rough), and of going into port by daylight. The next morning (Monday) we find five of the islands in sight, Terceira, Graciosa, San Jorge, Pico and Fayal, and we are quite near to all of them, but there is a head wind, and the whole day is spent in tacking back and forth, trying vainly to run in between Pico and Fayal. I enjoy this sailing very much, though it is wasted so far as progress is concerned.

The sea is smooth, the day warm and agreeable, and the breeze just strong enough to keep us moving at a pleasant speed, while the islands, some near, others far, present a pleasing background to this picture of delightfully lazy sea life. What more could one wish—no dust, nor smoke, nor heat; sailing, it is true, back and forth some five



Fayal (Horta), Azores, with Mount Pico in distance

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or six miles to make one, but what difference can it make? It's all in the summer cruise, and we are not pressed for time; we have our three meals a day, with fresh provisions still on hand, and no care excepting our own preservation.

The morning of Tuesday, August 2, finds us still in sight of the islands, but nearer the western end of Fayal, which the captain intends to double instead of attempting the same passage as yesterday. As we get nearer we have a view scarcely to be excelled, and certainly the finest one of the whole cruise. Off to the left is Fayal, even from the sea showing its evident volcanic origin. From the summit of the hills or crater down to the ocean there is rather a steep slope, but covered with the products of cultivation. As the morning sun shines upon this slope, so green and refreshing to the eye, all on board gather upon the lee side and enjoy it. We can distinguish several little villages with their white houses and

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church steeples, some down close to the sea, others farther up the hill—these last apparently scattered along a single road which would appear to encircle the island. The fields seem curiously divided into squares of different sizes by hedges of some tall, thick growth, which give them a checkerboard appearance, and a fence cannot be distinguished anywhere. Large windmills located on the hills add to the scene, as do also the two or three immense rocks looming out of the ocean but a few feet from the shore.

With this, a scene of beauty on our left, we turn and find one of grandeur directly before us in the great mountain of Pico, rising 7,800 feet from the island of the same name. Pico and Fayal are separated only by a small stretch of ocean of perhaps three or four miles extent.

Pico seems a lofty cone, around which three distinct layers of clouds are gathered. Midway between its base and center are groups of cumulus; encircling it above a



Mount Pico, Azores

CORUNA TO FAYAL

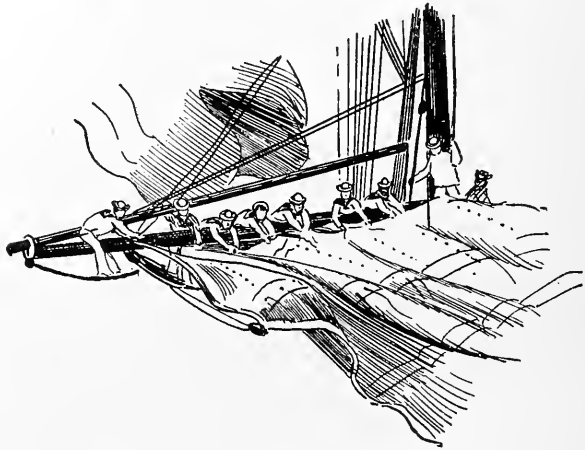
layer of white strata, and very near the top another bunch of pure, white clouds, from out the center of which springs the lofty summit—an irregularly truncated cone—clearly set against the blue sky. Presently the clouds change and, coalescing, cover the mountain more than half way from top to bottom with a layer of white mist, corresponding in contour to the mountain beneath, and giving it an appearance as though covered with a white veil.

What could be more grand and beautiful than the scene this bright morning, as under full canvas, even to spencers and studding sails, we forge along rapidly toward much-desired terra firma—on our left the garden-like Fayal; to the rear San Jorge and Terceira, blue and misty in the distance; to the right or westward the open ocean stretching off toward home; and straight ahead, Mount Pico rising from the sea, its peak piercing the clouds and the blue vault above.

We cast anchor at eleven o'clock in ten

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fathoms of water, and shortly receive calls from the health officer and from our American Consul, Mr. Dabney, from whose residence the American flag is displayed in recognition of our presence.



FAYAL AND HOMEWARD



For a description of the Azores or Western Islands I recommend books of travel, and propose only to mention the more striking features as they were observed in the four days which we spent in Fayal.

This island is thirty miles in circumference, and like the rest is settled and owned by Portuguese. The city has a population of 10,000, and resembles in some respects the city of Coruna. The most important man here is Mr. Dabney, the American Consul, whose father and grandfather were his predecessors in office, and who is said to have large interests on the island. We visited his house and were much pleased with its elegance and the refined entertainment of our host and his family. The garden seemed something wonderful, the climate being such that everything is produced which grows in the

FAYAL AND HOMEWARD

tropics--and indeed the appearance is tropical. In the same garden are growing figs, oranges, grapes, pineapples, bananas, the date palm, the bamboo, and shade trees, vines and flowers in such number and variety that we had only time to glance at them. Miss Dabney told me that they had thirty-four different kinds of camelias alone. One peculiarity is the scarcity of grass, which it is difficult to make grow, and instead, the ground is covered with a thick moss of a bright green color, which gives a fine effect, particularly in the park, where the trees are large and but little shrubbery is allowed to grow.

To get away from my damp stateroom, I went to the Fayal Hotel the first day, and remained there during our entire stay, and was benefited by this rest on shore. A number of the cadets did the same, but the other officers had regular duties to keep them on board ship. We made the acquaintance of two Americans, Mr. C. A. Sloan, of Bos-

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ton, and Mr. F. B. Young, of Fitchburg, temporarily in the islands, who assisted us in seeing what little there was of interest. In the shops may be found some very pretty laces, made in the convents from the fiber of the pineapple plant. We spent the time in looking around the few streets, playing billiards and loafing in the large garden attached to the hotel.

Many of the houses here are faced with polished tiles of various patterns which, though odd, are quite pretty. All are roofed with red tiling, and the gardens and yards are invariably inclosed by high walls.

The costumes on the streets are not so striking as in Coruna, excepting the ordinary capote worn by the women of the upper classes, the photograph of which will convey a better idea than any description. One would take the wearers to be nuns, but the only distinction conveyed by their use is the ability to pay for them—a good one costing

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sixty dollars. No Portuguese lady will be seen on the street without one.

The main features of our stay in Fayal were two rides into the interior. We got up a party of twelve, and hired three hacks drawn by mules and were driven out to a small settlement some five miles in the country. The road was excellent and the scenery from a distance fine, but the country, gardens, etc., immediately around us, it was difficult to see on account of the high walls with which the places are all surrounded. The streams which we passed were filled with women washing clothes upon the stones, as is done in Spain.

The terminus of our ride was the place of a man who had acquired a moderate fortune in the States and had returned to enjoy it in comparative magnificence. We found his rooms covered with American prints and illustrated papers, and it was a pleasure to give orders and have them understood without the need of a guide.



The *Capote* (headwear) and *Capella* (cloak) as worn in the Azores

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There is a very marked feeling of friendship toward America throughout all these islands, and many Portuguese would like to see them annexed, but the idea is not seriously entertained.

The popular respect in which Americans are held is doubtless due in great part to the battle of Fayal, fought in this harbor September 26 and 27, 1814, between the American privateer *General Armstrong* and three British men-of-war. The fight was so close to shore that vantage points were crowded with people, including the governor and other notables of the island, who witnessed the whole affair. The story, as I learned it, is about as follows:

The American privateer brig, *General Armstrong*, Captain Samuel Chester Reid in command, dropped anchor in Fayal Roads on the afternoon of September 26 for water and provisions. The American Consul, John B. Dabney, went on board, and was just telling Captain Reid that no Brit-

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ish ships had been seen around there for several weeks, when a British war brig hove in sight. It proved to be the *Carnation*, eighteen guns, while the *General Armstrong* carried but seven.

Captain Reid made ready to dash by the enemy and get out to sea, when he found there was no wind where he lay, while the British vessel farther out had the advantage of a good breeze. Fayal was a neutral port (Portuguese), and Captain Reid had a right to believe, reasonably or otherwise, that the neutrality would not be violated by the British. The American Consul gave assurance he could not be molested while at anchor, and therefore Captain Reid determined to remain where he was and await events.

Soon the *Carnation* took on a pilot, and from him got all the information needed as to Reid and his vessel. Then she promptly came in close and anchored within pistol shot of the *Armstrong*.

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Captain Reid must have set up a tremendous thinking when at this very time he saw two more British ships coming in around the headland, viz., ship-of-the-line *Plantagenet*, seventy-four guns, and the frigate *Rota*, thirty-eight guns. The three ships carried about 2,000 men, while the *General Armstrong* carried only ninety. At once the *Carnation* began exchanging signals with her sister ships in the offing, and Captain Reid probably interpreted them as follows: "It's the *General Armstrong*. We've got him in a trap. We'll send our boats to you, and to-night we'll assemble all the boats of the fleet, pounce upon Reid, add another vessel to our fleet, and send him down to Davy Jones' locker." This seemed the plan, for the *Carnation* soon got out her boats and sent them over to the *Plantagenet*.

Captain Reid was not the man to sit still while something was doing on the part of the enemy. He surmised what was coming, so he cleared his deck for action, and quietly

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got under way, hoping to get out somehow. It was night by this time, eight o'clock, but bright moonlight. The *Carnation*, observing the *Armstrong's* movement, quickly cut cable and followed, but the breeze was too light, so she lowered four boats and sent them in pursuit. The English, afterward, to justify their violation of neutrality, claimed these boats were sent only to reconnoiter, but they were armed, and each carried forty men. On seeing the four pursuing boats, Captain Reid dropped anchor and warned them off as they approached. But they kept right on, and the *Armstrong* fired with telling effect, killing and wounding twenty men. The boats returned the fire, but soon pulled off to a safe distance. The *Armstrong* had one man killed and her first officer wounded.

This was but preliminary to the severe fight which was to follow. Reid saw the British making arrangements for another and more formidable attack, and with strate-

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gy that did him credit brought the *Armstrong* in very close to the beach, anchored her, head and stern, and waited.

By this time the news of the attack had spread through the town, and the shore was black with people looking on.

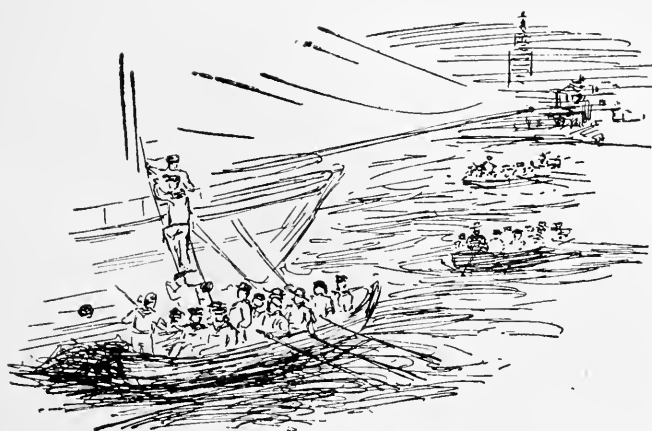
Now, imagine the scene. Midnight, but with a full moon giving light almost as bright as day. The hills and castle overhanging the beach crowded with excited spectators. They look down upon four ships of war—three of them standing off menacingly and able at any time to pour shot from their 130 guns into the fourth and smallest one of all anchored close to shore. The big British ships are in contemptuous silence, because they think their boarding-parties will capture the American. They desire to capture rather than destroy, and expect to have her as an adjunct to their fleet. Their officers, one a commodore, and their men, seasoned by service in the British Navy—all proud, confident, and brave, too,

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for that matter—are looking toward the *Armstrong* as a sure prize; while Captain Reid and his gallant American crew, by no means paralyzed by the situation or the odds, nerved up to the eager point, are gathering up their loins and otherwise preparing to smite the enemy and give him more than he wants.

Such is the line-up of the opposing forces just before the bloody conflict.

Presently twelve big launches, each with forty armed men, put out from the British ships and make for the *Armstrong*. The fight is on. They come in a single straight line, one close behind the other. Rapidly they approach until within point-blank range, when, with a roar, the guns of the *Armstrong* belch forth fire and shot, the guns well aimed, the favorite “Long Tom” in particular inflicting heavy damage. The advance is checked. They are staggered—thrown into confusion, and hastily pull back. But they are British, and with three cheers



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they come on again, firing their muskets and boats' carronades, and crying "No quarter!" They make a dash, and in spite of the leaden hail from the *Armstrong*, get in under her sides beneath the starboard quarter, bow and stern.

The big guns are now useless. It's "Repel boarders!" with pistols and muskets, and hand-to-hand fighting with clubbed weapons, pikes, cutlasses and knives. Only ninety men against four hundred and eighty, but these ninety prove to be men of might, with hearts of oak, nerves of steel, strong arms, quick eyes, and ready brains, for they beat back the British at all points as they vainly try to climb up and over. Captain Reid, with part of his men, is fighting at the stern, and effectively repulses the enemy at this point, but on the forward deck, around the forecastle, his second officer has been killed, and the third officer wounded, the shouts of the men grow less strenuous, shots less frequent, and there is danger of the enemy get-

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ting foothold here. With a cheer, Reid and his men go forward with a rush, and a mighty rush it is. They beat off the enemy right and left, and fire down upon them as they get back into their boats. They follow them into the boats with sword in hand and give "no quarter," the same as had been promised them by their now defeated foe.

The enemy pull off as rapidly as their crippled condition permits. The fight has lasted forty minutes. And what now of the twelve big launches and four hundred and eighty men? "Three boats were sunk, some were left without a single man to row them, others with three or four. The most that any returned with was about ten. Several boats floated ashore full of dead bodies." The British admitted a loss of sixty-three killed and one hundred and ten wounded, while other accounts give a total of between two and three hundred killed and wounded. Nine officers and a great number of midshipmen were engaged, and only three officers es-

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escaped, two of them wounded. The Americans (wonderful to relate) lost only two killed and seven wounded.

Captain Reid immediately prepared to defend against another attack. The "Long Tom," his most effective gun, had been dismounted, and several others disabled. The "Long Tom" was remounted, and everything put in readiness. But the enemy delayed until morning. Now appeared Reid's foresight in anchoring where he had, close to the beach. He sent ashore his killed and wounded, and prepared to get his whole crew there if it should be necessary—and he saw that it would be necessary. Mr. Dabney, the American Consul, told him two hours after the fight that the British commodore had refused the request of the Portuguese governor to observe neutrality, and was going to capture the American privateer, cost what it might. Reid knew that in the end he would have to lose his vessel, but was determined the British shouldn't get it.

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Daylight saw the *Carnation* bearing down upon the *General Armstrong*, but this time no boats were sent out. She came in close and opened a rapid fire, but met with such a warm reception that she retired to make repairs. In a short time she came on again, deliberately dropped anchor and began a fire with her heavy armament. Under these conditions, both ships at anchor and close to one another, the advantage to the much larger brig was obvious, and Captain Reid scuttled his ship and got ashore with his men. The British then burned her to prevent her being raised again, which they had not time to do. They had thought to get both Reid and his vessel, but they got neither.

Hearing the British commodore (Lloyd) would make hostile attempts on shore, Captain Reid took his men into the interior of the island, where, in an old Gothic convent, he prepared to resist. But the commodore did not pursue him. Indeed, the commodore

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was kept busy for ten days, burying his dead, caring for the wounded, and making repairs.

This delay of the British squadron for ten days, brought about by the valor of Captain Reid, had an important relation to subsequent history. Commodore Lloyd's squadron was on its way to Jamaica to join the fleet under Admiral Cochrane in the expedition against New Orleans. The expedition under Cochrane arrived at Chandeleur Islands, near New Orleans, four days after General Jackson had arrived for the defense of the city. Had not the fleet been delayed by the Fayal incident the expedition would have reached New Orleans before General Jackson and taken the city without a fight.

Is it a wonder that the battle of Fayal should have made so lasting an impression in these islands?

Our second ride was on Thursday morning, when, after much scolding and punch-

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ing up of our Portuguese stable-keeper, we managed to collect together eight donkeys and started at nine o'clock for the Caldeira, nine miles distant, a peak rising upward of three thousand feet, the highest point in this island.

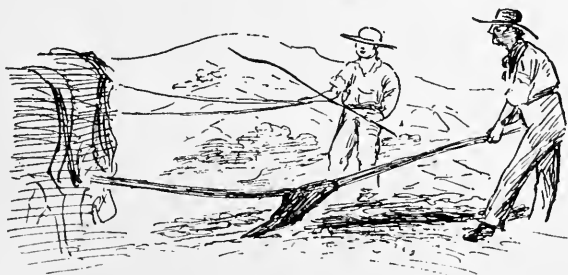
We made quite a commotion as we rattled over the flags in the narrow street, each rider punching his donkey and imitating as closely as he could the outlandish shout of the Portuguese guide to make the brute go faster. It was just the morning for such a ride, and every one, including the guide and his boys—yes, even the much-enduring lazy donkeys—seemed in perfect mood for the occasion. The road was at first paved smooth and lined close on each side with the usual high walls, but after proceeding a couple of miles we diverged to the left and took a winding dirt road with a gradual ascent, from which the surrounding country and ocean near and far was spread out before us, every feature of the picturesque scenery be-



Donkey Ride to the Caldeira Ready for the Start

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ing sharply outlined in the clear atmosphere and presenting constant changes as we ascended higher—Pico, as usual, covered with cloud—the sea of an ultramarine blue, flecked with white waves and lining the island of Pico with a broad belt of churning foam—a bark with snow-white sails tacking



in against the wind—a chain of islands blue and purplish in the distance—and on the other side two thousand miles of unbroken ocean between us and home. Just below us is the little town of Fayal with its open roadstead, where ride at anchor the *S. P. Chase*, a British brig and the consul's yacht—the sole present tonnage of the port. We can now look down upon those fields which

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were before shut out from view and which present the same variegated and tessellated appearance which we noticed while rounding in last Tuesday. But we have a nearer view now and can see the peasants at work in their primitive styles. No plows are used



here, but the old primitive stick, which but scratches the soil, answers their purpose, and the large sail windmills grind the grain. In many of the fields appear circles resembling perhaps circus rings, in which, however, serious work is going on. In these circles the sheaves of oats, wheat and barley have been thrown, and men, women, boys and cattle

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may be seen treading out the grain. In some this has been accomplished, and the workers are busy tossing with forks the trampled stuff into the air that the wind may blow away the chaff.

As we advance upward the road dwindles to a mere bridle-path, which follows the gulches in the mountain side, and in many places is so steep and stony that, out of consideration for our little beasts, we dismount and walk.



Way up the mountain side in all directions are straight blue lines made by the hedges of hydrangeas in full bloom, and here and there we can see moving white figures, which prove to be peasants gathering roots and fire-wood.

The point to which we are going is cov-

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ered with a cloud, and the mist occasionally envelopes us and we find it growing colder. Finally we reach the top, the clouds about us, but fortunately breaking and giving us the view we wish.

I have not yet mentioned that the Caldeira



is the crater of an extinct volcano, down into which we are looking as we suddenly come upon its crest. Its walls are very steep, completely circular, and covered with thick grass and undergrowth of a hue alternately bright and dark, as the sunshine and the shadows alternately fall upon it.

Two hours are required to walk around

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the top of this crater. The depth is 1,700 feet, and the circumference at the bottom measures five miles. At the bottom there is a lake, and near the center an infant cone, bearing in miniature a strong resemblance to the Caldeira itself. Moving objects are seen which, with glasses, we make out to be peasants pasturing their cattle and sheep.

The silence of this deep, wide basin is impressive. Though perfectly symmetrical, the sides are not altogether smooth, but at the base are ribbed with ridges of earth and stone, distributed with some regularity around the whole circumference. How are these "infant cones" accounted for, one of which is seen at the bottom of the Caldeira and several more, as we are informed, being on the outside? The answer is that they are the result of minor eruptions after the large volcano had subsided.

Did any one ever live here? Yes, an Englishman, disgusted with civilized life, built himself a hut and made this wild place his

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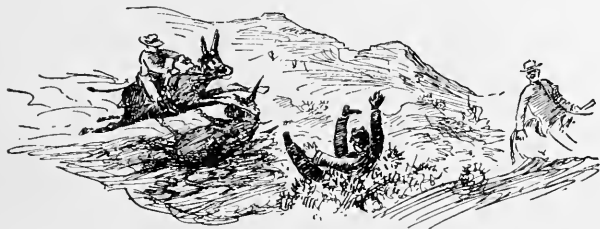
home, until, one night while making the descent, he was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

When tired of gazing at this wonderful scene, our minds reverted to the lunch which had been sent by a different route to meet us, but it was invisible, and knowing better than to wait on anything so slow as a Portuguese, we began the descent. In five minutes, however, we met our messenger with his huge basket on his head, which he had brought (the basket as well as his head) all the distance for sixty cents.

We camped by a clear spring and enjoyed a hearty lunch, which we shared with both guides and donkeys, for these last are more fond of bread than of grass. It was hard picking our way down again, but in some places we found long, smooth stretches, down which we ran at full speed, the guide well knowing how to make his donkeys go when he wished them to, shouting "It's a cold day, ah," and poking them unmercifully in the

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sides with a sharpened stick. Down one stretch we were running as hard as the little things could go, Mr. Kennedy and myself having a private race, when suddenly off flew Mr. Kennedy to one side, while his animal stumbled and rolled all in a heap under the fore feet of my little charger, who, in true



Barnum-like style, went over him with a flying leap. No harm was done, and we reached town sufficiently early to enable me to make my second call at the consul's.

During our stay in Fayal, a whaler put in for supplies, whose unfortunate luck illustrates the uncertainty of that business. Two years ago they started from New Bedford, and at the end of the first year had obtained no oil, and put into this same port for

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supplies. Now, they return again, and in the meantime have captured only thirty barrels of oil, and so chagrined is the captain that he sends his mate ashore and will not come himself. As all hands work on shares, all are sufferers, and the men are even in debt to the owners for their provisions. Think of two years of absence from home, from shore, of the inconveniences and dangers of the sea, and for compensation an indebtedness to the owners! I was pleased to learn, however, that under these circumstances the men do not generally wait to see the owners on reaching the home port.

We have pretty thoroughly done Fayal in our four days' stay, and are quite willing to leave, particularly the captain, who does not relish the anchorage afforded by the harbor, which is little better than an open roadstead. Indeed, one night during a heavy blow our anchor dragged, endangering the vessel and causing quite an alarm until the other one was cast over. The *Azorean*, a

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valuable bark belonging to the consul, was wrecked in this manner a few months ago. We made sail Saturday morning, August 6.

An old almanac has a cut of the man who tries to keep a journal. He has just fallen asleep upon the open leaves with his pen in hand, and his several entries may be read as follows: Monday—Got up and dressed—went downtown. Bed at eleven. Tuesday—Got up same as Monday; had my hair cut. Wednesday—Same as Tuesday; only didn't have my hair cut.

A daily record of our homeward voyage would prove as soporific as the almanac journal, and after laboring with all that's gone before, I don't believe you would stand it. I must bunch the time and incidents, therefore, and tell you that after leaving Fayal, for eleven days we had dry, bright weather, with just enough of a fair wind to drive us about seventy-five miles a day. Nothing could be pleasanter than this continual smooth sailing. At the table we are

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able to do without the racks; the awning is spread over the deck, and we spend the whole day in the shade, reading or gazing indolently upon the blue sea.

The first week we fall in with the Channel Fleet, as it is called—vessels seeking the English Channel—which has been forced 150 miles westward of its usual course. One day we sighted seven sail, and one of them, the bark *Peerless*, signaled us for flour and sugar. We hove to and the captain came aboard; said he had a cargo of rice and seed and was 134 days out from Madras, bound for Liverpool.

We saw several schools of whales and porpoises and caught half a dozen dolphins, which are the prettiest fish I ever saw. They are beautifully shaped, have a bright, blue back, silvery sides and yellowish fins, and present a curious change of colors while dying.

My professional duties during this cruise have been light, and it is my desire to report



The "S. P. Chase," as lengthened in 1895 to 118 ft.

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all well at the expiration of our voyage. The only case that has given me trouble is that of our boatswain. Lieutenant Ross has given me a good sketch of this patient, who is now lying at full length in a hammock on the forward deck, contentedly smoking a pipe, and the picture is facetiously labeled: "The sickest man on board."

He isn't sick at all, but he's lying there under the doctor's orders, and he'll be pun-



ished if he disobeys them. This highly satisfactory status (from my standpoint) came about as follows: Soon after our departure from New Bedford he complained of

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pains in the back, which have continued off and on throughout the voyage—now better after a rest, now worse after freely exercising again against advice—and particularly worse after shore leave at Coruna and Fayal. His trouble was caused by strain in lifting a heavy coil of rope; and I have diagnosed the case as that of slipping and temporary displacement of the muscles. Since leaving the Azores I have feared it might develop into something serious and directed him to keep on his back in his berth or hammock. He promised, but has failed to keep his promise, and being determined to have him well when we get back to New Bedford, I complained to the captain while we were talking in the cabin a few days ago. The captain, saying he would attend to it, immediately went on deck, and through the transoms I heard him address the deck officer as follows: “Tell that boatswain if he disobeys the doctor’s orders again I’ll send him below and put him in irons.” Fine!

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What wouldn't the general practitioner give to have his orders thus enforced! The boat-swain has been obedient since, and will doubtless make a good recovery.

Our smooth sailing lasted until the night of the 17th, when we found ourselves in a storm, by which we were driven on our course at the rate of eleven knots an hour for two days and three nights. The sea was very high and rough, and if our course had not been with the wind we should have had to heave to. The *Chase* pitched and tossed at a great rate, and for three nights we got scarcely any sleep. The scudding before the wind in the daytime, however, is grand. The sky is overcast with clouds, the sun occasionally breaking through and lighting up a broad band of ocean, as though it were an unpolished mass of silver, the few sails which are set drawing hard, the wind howling through the rigging, the waves dashing all over the deck on both sides and at both ends, the "spoon-drift" hurled from the crests of

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the waves like miniature showers of rain, the schools of flying fish starting up and skimming away like quails in a stubble, and the frequent heavy squalls coming up from windward as if to reinforce the storm and requiring a call for both watches and all the idlers on deck to stand by to shorten sail. We shipped large seas over both rails constantly, and the deck was covered with water and was slippery as glass.

Nearly every one met with some ludicrous misfortune, either in falling or receiving a sudden drenching. I was myself tossed in a way I shall not soon forget. I was standing in front of the steerage-hatch, when suddenly the vessel lifted, twisted and dipped to leeward so violently that I was hurled down the steep, slippery deck as though shot from a gun, and brought up against the bulwarks and an extra mast with the force of a projectile. The crew rushed up, thinking to find my head battered in, but I had managed to strike with my feet first, and got off

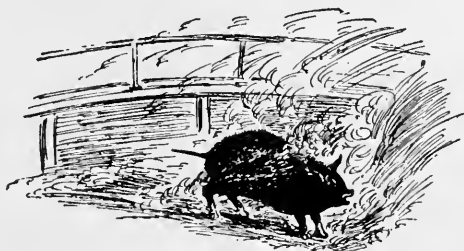




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with bruised shins only. It was a narrow escape, and I now realize that slippery decks are not the least of the dangers in going to sea.

The accident reminded the first lieutenant of another wonderful story. Said he, "When my uncle was running the ocean they



shipped at some port in India a lot of pigs, which, after getting out to sea, all huddled up to windward, when suddenly a big wave came along and sent one little fellow a-scoot-in' across the deck. Down he went backward like a streak of lightning, by George! with his bristles up in the air and his tail sticking out straight and stiff; and, darn

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my buttons, if his tail didn't go right through the side of the vessel! It's a fact—you know you can shoot a candle through a pine board—and they sawed the plank out, and it's in the Nantucket custom house now." Then in a dignified tone, and in reply to a jocose remark, "My uncle saw it and relates the story."

We were nearly worn out by this prolonged storm, but on the 20th found ourselves within 500 miles of Block Island, and were rather grateful than otherwise. But we had stormy weather after this, although in more broken doses. I copy from the captain's official report:

"In the Gulf Stream we had very rough weather and terrific squalls of wind, rain and lightning. The cruise throughout has had more of shortening and making sail owing to heavy weather than any cruise we have been engaged in, excepting the first cruise of this vessel, in the fall of 1878. . . . Our main topsail yard is also sprung. This will



The U. S. Practice Cutter "Itasca," 1907, which superseded the "S. P. Chase"

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need replacing before another cruise. I presume the fearful squalls through which we have passed on our return cruise developed the weakness of the spars named.”



We come to anchor in Gardner's Bay, Long Island Sound, Friday night, August 26, having been twenty days in making the passage from Fayal. Lieutenant Ross had estimated thirty days; the captain had said twenty-six, while I had bet a dinner on twenty-four. On two previous cruises the return from Fayal had taken thirty-three days.

We have been gone seventy-five days, or two months and a half, and excepting ten days all the time has been spent at sea. We remain here until September 4, in order to give the cadets opportunity to command and sail the bark in this land-locked harbor. We then return to New Bedford. The cruise is over.









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